Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 18, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

ANOTHER SQUEAKER FOR THE VIKINGS





Introducing a completely new Thunderbird for 1977.

At $5,434, it's hard to believe.*

*Sticker price for car shown—excluding title, taxes and destination charges.



The sticker price of the Thunderbird you see above, just as it stands, is an unbelievable $5,434—excluding title, taxes and destination charges.



Among the new Thun
is this handson

The elegant new
Thunderbird tradit

A new look...a new size...a new price.

Leaner, cleaner and 10 inches trimmer in size—the new 1977 Thunderbird still has the things that make Thunderbird famous—special luxury, features and appointments. They're all there.

Its refined suspension and wider stance mean you can expect agility and sureness to complement the legendary quality and comfort that you have come to expect from Thunderbird.

So it's almost unbelievable that this Thunderbird shown here—equipped just as you see it here, inside and out is just $5,434.

To personalize your Thunderbird even more, you can add any number of other options. Example: air conditioning ($505), AM/FM stereo ($120). And Thunderbird's price is still remarkable. Skeptical? Convince yourself. Visit your Ford Dealer—test drive a '77 Thunderbird.

FORD

When America needs a better idea, Ford puts it on wheels.

Base sticker price: $5,063*

Power Front Disc Brakes	No charge
Power Steering	No charge
Automatic Transmission	No charge
302 Cubic Inch V-8	No charge
Full Wheel Covers	No charge
AM Radio	No charge
Electric Clock	No charge
Steel-Belted Radials	No charge
White Sidewalls	45
Vinyl Roof	132
Color-keyed bodyside moldings	51
Dual Accent Paint Stripes	39
Deluxe Bumper Group	72
Remote Control Mirror	14
Color-Keyed Belts	18
TOTAL	$5,434

*Excluding title, taxes and destination charges.



oird's fine appointments
strument panel.

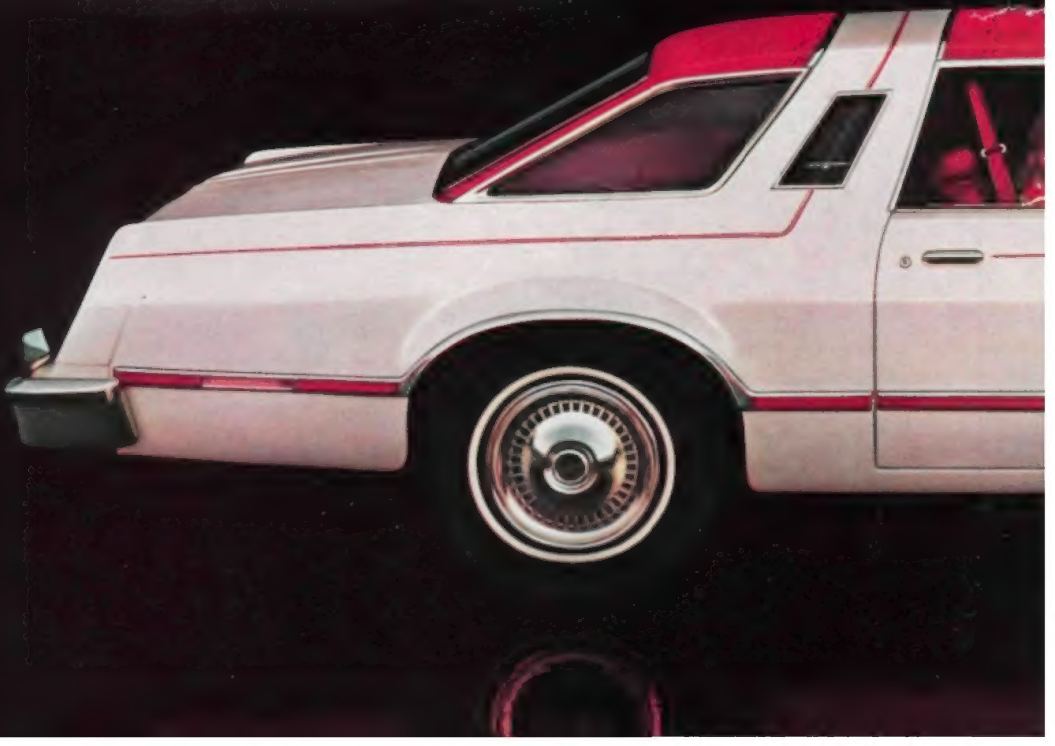


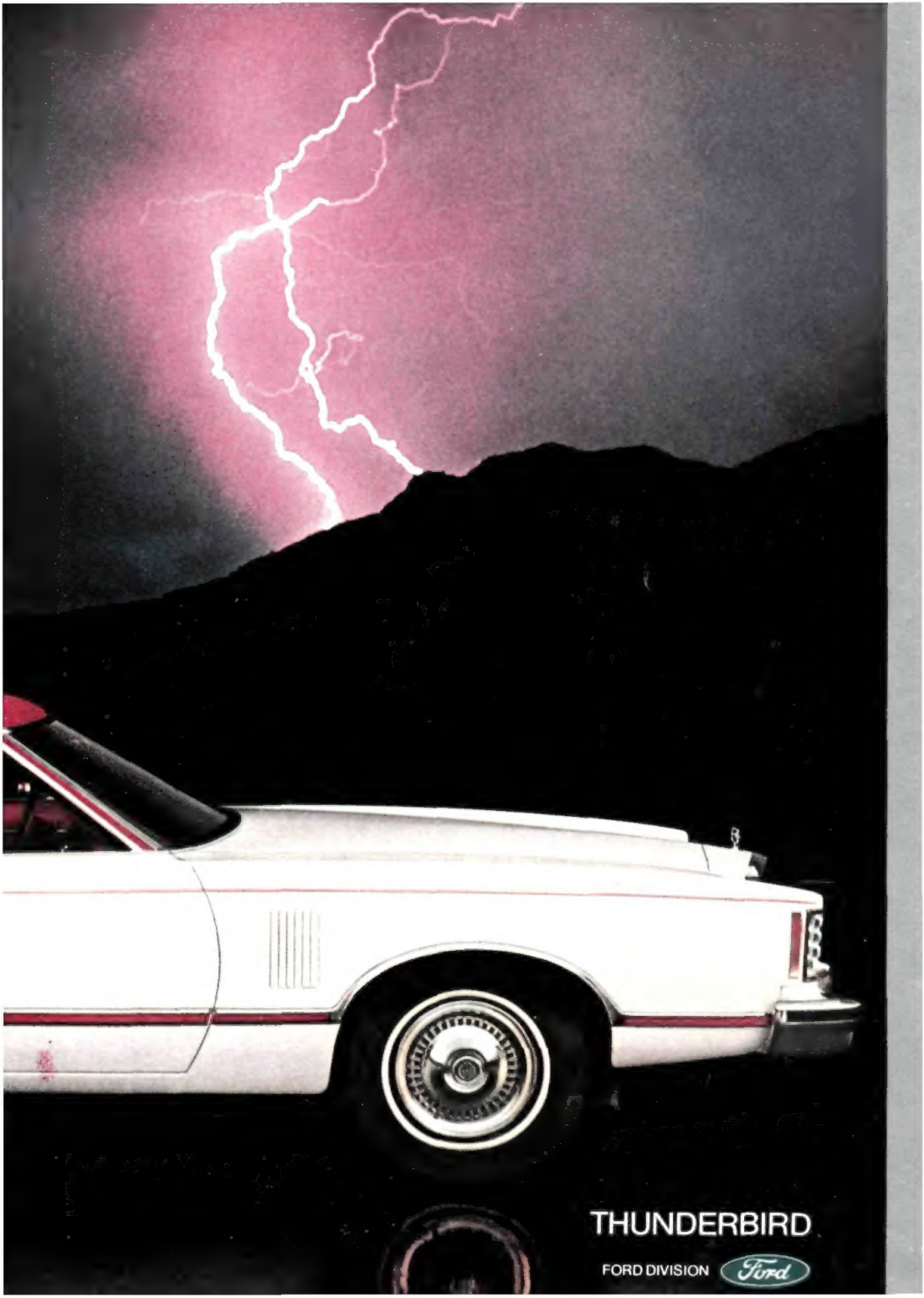
erior continues the
of luxury and comfort.



Two of Thunderbird's most distinctive new features: the taillight design and the wrap-over roof.

but unmistakably Thunderbird.




THUNDERBIRD
FORD DIVISION
Ford



The New Easy Formality—Blazer Plus Blazer Vest. Cut from a new darker navy twill, lined throughout, they have a matching complement of cartridge-tucked pockets and Lee brass buttons. The Blazer has the update of shaped lapels and slimmed waistline. Together, they make a Separate Suit™ out of almost any trousers in the closet. Here, well-cut perfectly matched Lee tartans, about $25. Blazer, about $47.50. Blazer Vest, about $16. Everything, 100% Dacron® polyester. The Lee Company, 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10019. (212) 765-4215.

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Did your first brand taste rich but rough?



Was your second brand missing flavor altogether?



You're ready for Lark. Not a compromise, an alternative.

Like your first brand, Lark's got plenty of rich tobacco flavor. Unlike your first brand, we back up our tobacco with a selective filter (probably the most expensive filter in the world).

It selectively reduces many of the things that can make smoke rough-tasting. Result? Pure flavor, the kind you can stay with all day.

Isn't the Third Cigarette the first one that makes sense?

King Size & Extra Long

THE THIRD CIGARETTE



Tastes rich but not rough.
Tastes smooth but not weak.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Extra Long: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Report (April '76).

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1973 prices are back on Sears best-selling steel-belted radial.


BAJA


AFRICA


GREECE


MOROCCO

The tire with the tradition of proven toughness and durability on the world's tough roads – Baja – Africa – Greece – Morocco. The Sears Steel-Belted Radial, with its radial construction and two steel belts, is a strong, good-handling and long-wearing tire. Look for your tire size, and see how much less you pay.



PRICES ROLLED BACK
$27 TO $67 LOWER
THAN JUNE PRICES ON SETS OF FOUR.

	SIZE	JUNE REG. PRICE	NEW REG. PRICE	FEDERAL EXCISE TAX
PINTO/VEGA/VW	165R-13	~~$50.75~~	$40.75	$1.80
	175R-13	~~$54.00~~	$43.00	$1.96
	165R-15	~~$59.00~~	$43.65	$1.94
CUTLASS/MATADOR	185R-14	~~$62.00~~	$49.62	$2.35
	195R-14	~~$66.00~~	$52.82	$2.44
	205R-14	~~$71.35~~	$57.41	$2.74
	215R-14	~~$78.36~~	$62.70	$2.95
GALAXIE/IMPALA	205R-15	~~$75.70~~	$60.92	$2.90
	215R-15	~~$81.00~~	$64.83	$3.12
BUICK/CHRYSLER	225R-15	~~$84.50~~	$67.70	$3.26

Sears
TIRE AND AUTO CENTERS

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Cover photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.



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Next Week

IT'S GOOD-BY ABA, HELLO NBA as pro basketball gets set to begin its merger season. Curry Kirkpatrick considers the impact of teams like Denver and players like Julius Erving on the older league; Dave DeBusschere—the ABA's last commissioner—points out areas in which his men will have to adjust; and Ray Kennedy profiles Larry O'Brien, the man who made the merger. Plus the opening volleys of the World Series, football and a Foreman-Duran fight doubleheader.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Senior Editor Mark Mulvoy was in a predicament as he began planning this week's special hockey package. The problem was of his own making. As our principal hockey writer since 1970, Mulvoy had produced just about every inch of copy that had appeared in the six previous season previews. But now that he was editing hockey, there was no Mulvoy to write it. "I need a replacement for myself," he said.

The replacement is Peter Gammons,



REYES: OUR LATIN HOCKEY LOVER

31, formerly of *The Boston Globe*. Since 1971 he had spent his summers covering the Red Sox and a lot of winter nights watching the Bruins. He reported to our offices at 10 a.m. on Sept. 2 and by noon had packed and enplaned for Montreal to cover the Canada Cup series. Since then, he has been almost continuously on the road, surveying hockey training camps, looking into the Scandinavian influx into the NHL and WHA (*page 38*) and visiting with Bobby Orr (*page 30*).

The only member of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's hockey department who has stayed put since last season is Reporter Angel Reyes. Born in Guaynabo, Puerto Rico and raised in the South Bronx, Reyes may well be the world's foremost Hispanic hockey expert. He grew up on Mohegan Ave. in the heart of an Italian-Jewish neighborhood, playing the city games—stickball, stoopball, punchball, handball and Johnny-on-the-pony. He attended DeWitt Clinton High, where the local idols were basketball stars Nate Archibald and Ron Behagen and comedians Jimmie Walker and Robert Klein. "I was 16 when I first saw a hockey stick," Reyes says. "A kid in black sneakers had it in the playground, and none of us knew what it was."

Reyes worked in our library after high school and in 1970 returned there after completing a four-year tour as a mechanic in the Air Force. In May 1973 he became a reporter and 20 months later took over fact-checking on the hockey beat. "I started at zero," Reyes says. But within a couple of weeks he had read every instructional hockey book he could find. He obtained team brochures from the NHL and WHA and pored over them nightly. He began attending games frequently, usually sitting up high to get the best view of plays developing. Afterward, Reyes would hustle down to the locker rooms, listening at first as seasoned reporters grilled the players, then asking questions of his own. "He's done everything except learn how to skate," Mulvoy says.

Reyes teams up with Gammons by helping to get information for stories and checking them for accuracy when they are completed. The original version of this week's scouting report on the Atlanta Flames noted that Eric Vail was out with a broken leg. Not so, thought Reyes, when the copy crossed his desk; it's a fractured collarbone. He checked with the Flames. Reyes had it right on the clavicle.

Jack Mayer

Sports Illustrated ®

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10 tips for tennis players from the pages of *World Tennis*

1 How to correct a floating grip: Hold a dime against your racket handle with the little finger. If your grip shifts during your hit the dime will fall.

2 How to put your weight into your serve: Place a chair, table or other object next to the knee on your serving side. This will keep you from kicking sideways during follow-through, and put more pace into your serve.

3 How to watch the ball and follow through effortlessly: As the ball comes toward you, concentrate on its seams. You'll realize stronger contact, better placement.

4 How to correct backhand trouble: Problems often stem from the grip. Test yours by placing your racket face under your left arm, butt outwards. Reach over and grasp the handle with your right hand. A perfect backhand grip will result.

5 How to determine your proper grip size: Measure from the long crease in your palm (usually second down from the fingers) to the tip of your ring finger, positioning ruler between ring and middle finger.

6 How to hit the ball in front of your body: Slide a headband over both arms. This will force you to reduce your backswing, making your volley more accurate and effective.

7 How to coordinate your toss and serve: To develop natural rhythm and timing, put one ball in each hand. Practice tossing one ball and trying to hit it with the other.

8 How to choose a comfortable tennis shoe: When trying, kick the heel to set the shoe against the back of your foot. Then lace. Repeat the process. Relace. The result is the comfort you can expect.

9 How to change to the "pro" service grip: Grip the handle with the V turned leftward and almost on top of the racket. Then practice with all but the thumb and middle finger relaxed until you get the feel.

10 How to angle a volley: When hitting, concentrate on pointing your palm to the corner where you want the shot to drop.

How would you like to have Stan Smith or Julie Heldman tell you how to improve your tennis? How would you like to consult with experienced equipment experts before you choose a new tennis racket or shoe?

That's the kind of help you get in World Tennis magazine for about 42¢ a month.

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How many other lifetime investments cost as little as $13.50?



Parker makes 154 different types and styles of writing instruments. These are available in fine stores in gold, silver, and other durable materials. Shown above are the slender Parker Classic ball pen in 22K gold electroplate at $13.50, and the substantial Parker 75 ball pen in solid sterling silver at $17.50.

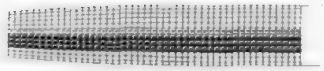
If you thought craftsmanship was dead, you owe it to yourself to inspect today's Parker pens. Few things at any price will perform so well so long.

Parker pens have been called "jewelry that writes" and "a minor miracle in engineering." Yet they don't cost a bundle of money.

Many of the differences that set a Parker pen apart are not immediately evident, but each contributes to its rare performance and confirms its reputation as a thing of quality in a world of diminished standards.

Whether you select the slim Classic ball pen, or the 75 ball pen, fountain pen or soft tip pen, each is a precision machine housed in an elegant casing. It still may seem extravagant to buy this much pen for yourself (we hope not). But its obvious worth and functionality make it apparent it would be an exceptional long-term asset.

Here's why a Parker pen offers substantially more for your money.

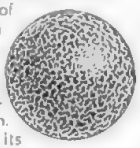


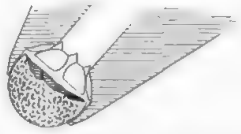
1. The distinctive Parker grid design was inspired by a leading London silversmith. Carved deeply into the case by a precise sequence of beveled cuts, the design is found on all sterling silver Classic and 75 ball pens, fountain pens and soft tip pens. The result is a metal sculpture that provides dozens of finger-fitting treads for easy, certain grip.



2. Our famous arrow clip is a study in tenacity. Made of tough, resilient beryllium copper and created through nine separate stages of metalwork, it is tested to 20,000 snap actions. Clipped low and secure in a pocket, a Parker pen will not lose its grip.

3. The near-perfect sphere at the point of a Parker ball pen takes three weeks to make! This intricate bit of powder metallurgy is a Parker contribution to the art of penmaking. For smooth, even ink delivery, it must be round within ten/millionths of an inch. Microscopic texture on its tungsten-carbide surface is formed by something our scientists call "controlled crater geometry." Result is ideal grip on paper and a clean, even line. If you think no other ball pen writes quite like a Parker, it's not your imagination.





4. How well a ball pen writes depends as much on the ball socket as on the ball itself. If the lip of this nose-cone isn't strong enough, it will rub against the ball. Result: blobbing. Also, if the socket wears or corrodes, you will get an uneven, "goopy" kind of writing. The Parker ball socket is extremely tough, corrosion-resistant stainless steel. It must be this durable because the Parker ball pen writes months longer than the ordinary ballpoint and the socket has to stand up throughout all that extra writing life.



5. Like a fountain pen for writing with flow and character? Remember, the nib is the sensor of the fountain pen. For a smooth feel and even ink flow, it must have some flexibility. The Parker 75 nib is solid 14K gold. Gold has the flexibility and resilience necessary and resists corrosion.

6. Good as gold is for a nib, it would wear down in short order if it came in contact with the paper, a natural abrasive. This would cause a scratchy feel and uneven ink delivery. So the Parker 75 nib is tipped with a tiny pellet. This pellet is an incredibly tough alloy of ruthenium and platinum that wears *in*, to your touch, but won't wear *out*. Of the eight precious metals in the world, we consider it essential to use four in making a Parker 75 fountain pen.



7. Soft tip points can let you down. All too often they grow limp or splay. The Parker point is made of strong, individual strands of nylon bonded together by a specific trace of epoxy glue.

8. A Parker even *sounds* different. When the cap snaps together with the working end, a positive clutch is engaged. This marries the two parts very firmly. The sound, in miniature, is not unlike the authoritative "thunk" made by closing the door of a fine sports car.

The only thing better than one Parker pen is a Parker pen set. And it's easy to make up exactly what you want. Just mix and match any Classic or 75 pen, ball pen, soft tip pen or gift pencil with any other.

Every Parker pen is refillable and built to last. Because we expect you, or someone you're fond of, to use it not just for a few years but for a few decades.

PARKER
World's most wanted pen

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Stress can rob you of vitamins



How stress can deplete your body's stores of water-soluble B and C vitamins. Stress can upset your body's equilibrium. When it does, you may need to replace the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C. Unlike the fat-soluble vitamins, your body doesn't stockpile these essential nutrients. During times of continued stress—when you may be affected in many ways—your body may use up more B and C vitamins than your daily meals provide.

What may cause stress. If the diet is inadequate, severe injury or infection, chronic overwork, too many martini lunches, fad dieting—any one of these conditions may create stress and may cause water-soluble vitamin depletion.

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The freshest thing about this bread is something his diet's had for centuries.

Funny thing about this Japanese *kabuki* dancer

His traditional diet may be better in some ways than yours

More and more, doctors in the Western world believe his diet has at least two advantages more fiber and fewer calories

Now, this remarkable bread, Fresh Horizons, has been developed to give you much the *same* advantages

The people who bake bread at ITT make Fresh Horizons with fewer calories than regular white bread Actually, 30% fewer calories

At the same time, it has far more fiber than whole wheat bread Ounce for ounce, as much fiber as you get from 100% bran cereal

Yet Fresh Horizons, white or wheat, tastes like any other good-tasting bread

ITT makes Fresh Horizons bread because we think your diet ought to be just as good to you as his diet is to him

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

BOOKTALK

by JAMES B. MURPHY

IF YOU CARE MORE ABOUT PLAYING THAN WINNING, OOH-AAH MAY BE YOUR GAME

If one day a stranger asks you to play the Mating Game, before you sensuously narrow your eyes or widen them in shock, ask him if he has read *The New Games Book* (Dolphin/Doubleday, $4.95).

Not all of the 60 games included in editor Andrew Fluegelman's compendium are as startling as this one. Some might even be old enough to stir a schoolyard memory or two. For instance, Flying Dutchman, one of the "New Games," is also known as Goosey-Goosey-Gander; Bola is a variation of Jump-the-Stick; Hagoo by another name is Stone-face; Islands is an outdoor version of Musical Chairs; Human Pinball is Dodgeball with a bend to it; Ooh-Aah was previously called Pass-the-Squeeze. The real old-timers are immutable, however: Tug-of-war, Egg Toss (with water balloons) and Pie Throwing (no aerosol whipped cream, please).

No matter. What makes New Games new is not that they have never been played before, but that they are played with a new sense of purpose zealously promoted by the New Games Foundation, a nonprofit institution based in San Francisco and dedicated to encouraging mass participation in playing, period. New Games are not just for schoolyards; they are for everyone, everywhere.

The subtle purpose of New Games was generated 10 years ago, the brainstorm of *Whole Earth Catalog* creator Stewart Brand who believed that pacifist sentiment in the anti-Vietnam-war community had estranged large numbers of people from sport. Lest the peaceniks get pudgy, Brand invented a war-analogue called Slaughter.

The exuberant participants in the first game of Slaughter satisfied Brand that aggression is primal, even in pacifists, and that directed aggression—what Brand came to call softwar—is a necessary human release. Softwar, of course, is competitive sport. Brand's observation can hardly be applauded as original; the subtlety is that the *newness* of Slaughter attracted people who considered themselves anti-sportsmen.

In October 1973 Brand staged a spectacular New Games extravaganza at Gerbode Preserve, just north of the Golden Gate Bridge. (The event has been held annually since and has spread seeds across the country. A full-scale tournament was held in Brighton, England this year.)

The original New Games Tournament proved extremely popular because Brand and his associates were successful in de-emphasizing the importance of winning without destroying the spirit motivating the participants. Those who were afraid to lose still played. When necessary, new games were invented so that everyone could play, regardless of size, age or skill. There were no experts, no hard and fast rules, no memories of past humiliations or recollections of disappointed coaches and parents. There was no expensive equipment to be purchased, no country club dues to pay, no cliquish teams to be penetrated; no ribbons, just banners and balloons; no spectators, just players.

Brand insisted that the games be changeable; always new, and always, as far as possible, fit for everyone. New Games is a whole community act, a celebration whose sound rule is the New Games Foundation credo: "Play Hard, Play Fair, Nobody Hurt"—onto which one might affix the less somber tag, "Fun for all, and all for fun." END

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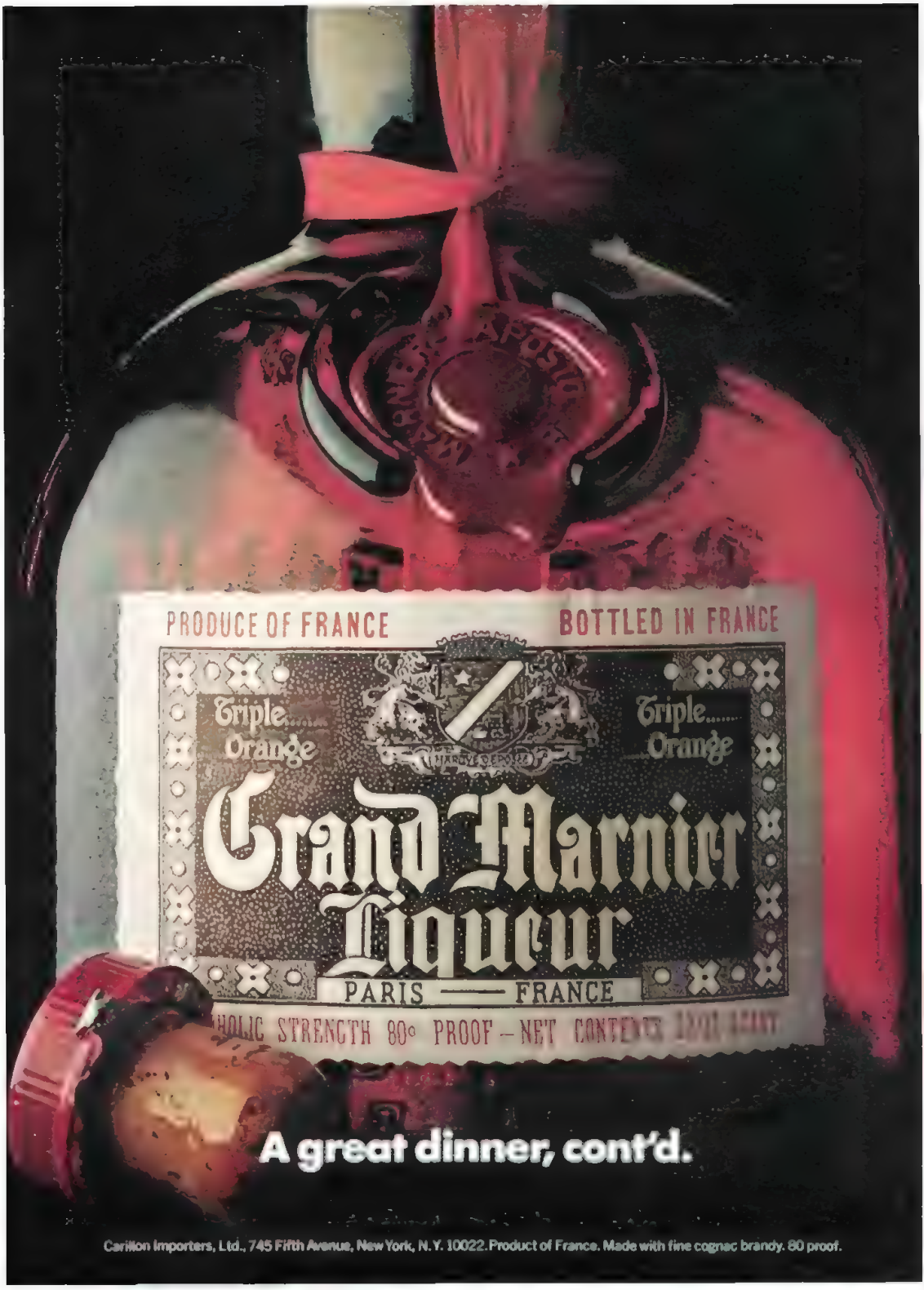
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

STILL FAR APARTHEID

The skepticism expressed by nonwhite South Africans about the government's widely publicized announcement that it was moving to reduce apartheid in sport (SCORECARD, Oct. 4) appears justified in light of the refusal last week of a provincial official to sanction a rugby match in Port Elizabeth between two racially integrated teams. The teams played anyway (and afterwards cheering black spectators carried a white player off the field on their shoulders), but there was official disapproval. Piet Koornhof, minister of sport, said the match was "contrary to policy." E. J. D. Pienaar, the provincial official, had said earlier, "There is no way that we will issue a permit for this match to be played." The new sports policy, he said, was designed only to let teams of different races play each other, not to encourage racially mixed teams. Matches between racially integrated teams would therefore be illegal.

All aspects of mixed sport are supervised by the government. After a schedule of games for leagues that now include teams of different races has been approved, no other games, such as exhibitions (known, ironically, as "friendlies" in South African sporting jargon), can be arranged. "We will not even consider applications to play friendlies between white and Bantu clubs," Pienaar said.

SECOND FIDDLER

After Bill Rigney quit as manager of the San Francisco Giants, co-owner Bob Lurie offered the job to Vern Rapp, an outstanding minor league manager. Lurie even called a press conference to announce Rapp's appointment.

Before the conference could take place, the St. Louis Cardinals fired their manager, Red Schoendienst, and began to look around for a replacement, too. They invited Rapp and Joe Altobelli, another fine minor league manager, to come to St. Louis for interviews. Then they offered the job to Rapp.

Rapp, a native of St. Louis who used to work in the Cardinal organization, leaped at the chance. He rejected the San Francisco job, thus leaving both the Giants and Altobelli high and dry. Lurie, who has a penchant for quick decisions (last winter, when he was trying to buy the Giants, he took in Bud Herseth as his partner only hours after first hearing Herseth's name), turned to Altobelli and within 24 hours asked him to be the new Giant manager. Altobelli said fine. "I don't care if I was second choice," he said. "There are only 26 of these jobs, and I got one of them."

Exhibiting efficiency and economy, Lurie introduced his new manager at the same press conference he had scheduled to announce the hiring of Rapp.

RUNNING GAME

Ermal Allen, the Dallas Cowboys' computer coach, who is primarily responsible for keeping his club aware of trends in pro football, says that smaller running backs, like Greg Pruitt of the Cleveland Browns and Lydell Mitchell of the Baltimore Colts, are coming to the fore in the NFL because the game is turning to elusive runners who can carry the ball both inside and outside and catch passes as well. This does not mean that the Larry Csonka-class runner is obsolete, but only that offenses are opening up more. Allen also points out that the seeming abundance of good young runners coming into pro ball the last few seasons is a result of the college game's emphasis on the wishbone offense. "We don't like the colleges using the wishbone so much," Allen says, "because the quarterbacks don't pass enough, blockers don't get used to enough pass-protecting, and running backs don't get to catch enough passes. But the wishbone does get the backs ready to be pro runners."

Commenting on the high turnover of star running backs in the NFL, Allen said the reason was obvious. "It's the constant beating the running backs take. They get tackled so much more than receivers or quarterbacks. If a wide receiver averages four catches a game, he's having a hell of a season. That means he gets tackled four times a game. A back carries maybe 20 times—and is frequently hit by more than one defender."

HULL LOT OF MONEY

For years Australians have been racing sailboats in Sydney Harbor for money, mostly supplied by companies whose trade names, such as "Toyota" or "Century Batteries," are emblazoned on the hulls and sails of the competing boats. To add to the professional tone, bookies handle bets from spectators on the ferries that chug out to watch the races.

But that's Australia. Such commercialization of the pristine world of yachting, in which you race your boat for the sheer



fun of it, could never happen here in the States. Right? Wrong. Two weeks ago America's first formal professional sailboat races took place in the waters around Montauk, N.Y., at the tip of Long Island. Approximately 90 vessels, ranging in size from striking 68-foot trimarans down to 12-foot windsurfers, competed for prize money totaling $6,000. Skippers came with their boats from as far as Florida in pursuit of the cash, which was put up by GD Productions, a New York film company that shot footage of the races for a projected movie.

Headquarters for the competition was the palatial Montauk Yacht Club & Inn, where one member of the old school was

continued

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heard grumbling, "Is nothing sacred? This is like putting blue trim on white tennis shorts." Sacrilegious or not, the skippers at Montauk were heartily in favor of the idea of racing for money. Al Constantine, owner and helmsman of a $270,000 trimaran called *Spirit of America*, said, "Sailing is a wealthy man's sport. But cash prizes, corporate sponsorship and, eventually, a pro circuit will make it possible for the average guy to compete."

Eric Eastman, a 31-year-old Long Island high school teacher who conceived and promoted the pro racing idea, called the inaugural meeting a distinct success and said, "Next year I'm inviting multihulls from every maritime nation." Apparently well aware that Maryland is yachting territory whereas Kentucky is not, he added, "My Montauk event will be the Preakness of sailing."

BETTER THAN TEA LEAVES

The pennant playoffs had only just begun when this item was written. Now, as you read it, they should be well along and perhaps even over, which means that the predictions here are wide open to the second guess. Ignoring the probability that this forecasting system has been proved fallible already, we push on bravely to inform you that the Phils should wallop the Reds, the Royals should beat the Yankees, and the Phils should then edge the Royals in the World Series.

This intelligence—even if wrong—is based on cold, hard fact: every winner of the World Series since 1970 has been the team with the most ex-Little Leaguers on its squad. A study of this year's rosters shows that the Phils have 15 ex-LLers, the Reds only eight; the Royals have 14, the Yankees 12. *Quod erat demonstrandum*: the Phils will win it all.

If it hasn't worked out that way, send your complaints to Little League Headquarters, Williamsport, Pa.

GET OUT THERE AND CHIP

Rah-rah coaches are common in team sports like football and basketball, and not unheard of in such endeavors as baseball and track, even though individual skills in those sports are often more important than group coordination. But golf, that sphere of silent effort in which a classic tableau is the athlete alone with his thoughts as he contemplates a difficult lie, does not seem to lend itself at all to fiery, extroverted leadership.

Don't try to tell that to Ron Roberts,

continued

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new golf coach at Wake Forest. To hackers, Wake Forest is a sort of Notre Dame of golf, the hallowed grove where Arnold Palmer and other pro shotmakers did their undergraduate work. Now rebellion is shaking its woods and irons. Roberts called a team meeting to tell his charges that he "was tired of trying to hold the negative element together." He wrote out a "pledge of support" for members of the squad to sign. Among other things, the pledge said a player should sign "only when you are ready and able to make a 100% effort for Wake Forest and Ron Roberts. I make it clear that the two are inseparable."

A dozen players signed the pledge without comment, but three held off, notably All-America Bob Byman, a senior. Byman said he didn't mind pledging 100% to Wake Forest but, objecting to the rest of the proviso, quit the squad. Byman said he was contemplating leaving school, too, in order to try making it in professional golf.

Knute Rockne never had to put up with that kind of reaction from George Gipp.

SURPRISE ENDING

Ron Johnson, the running back who played out his option with the New York Giants and signed as a free agent with the Dallas Cowboys last June, says of the Cowboys, "The organization is unbelievable. The club treats players and fans like kings. They've got two phones for the players. Not pay phones, private. They've got a player lounge with free milk, soda, doughnuts. I lost my tickets to a game once and they replaced them right away. No hassle. There's a girl in the office whose sole function is to handle player problems. She finds apartments, jobs, discounts, whatever you need. I was set up with an apartment and a car, my wife with a job."

And so, said Johnson, who was cut by Dallas before the season began, "That's what made it all so shocking when I was released."

CHAMPIONS OR CHAMPION

After Forego wins the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park on Oct. 23—and who's going to beat him?—the best horse now running in America may travel across the country to compete in the $350,000 Champions at Santa Anita on Nov. 6. Victory in those two races would move the splendid gelding, who currently is third in career money winnings with $1,655,217, to the top of the list, edging him past the renowned Kelso, who won $1,977,896 in the 1960s while being named Horse of the Year five straight times.

On the same day as The Champions, Laurel Race Course is putting on the Washington D.C. International. Even if he does not go to California, Forego almost certainly will not run at Laurel because the International is a grass race. Forego has never run on grass, and he is unlikely to try that surface at this late stage of his career. But it's sort of a shame that he won't. The Champions is only a year old, having achieved its status by laying a lot of cash on the line. The International is 25 years old and has achieved its distinction by inviting fine racers from all over the world to come here each autumn at Laurel's expense to meet the best the U.S. has to offer. Kelso ran in the International four times, finishing second three straight years before finally winning in time that still stands as a record for the event.

The prestige of the Washington, D.C. International has slackened since Kelso's day, which is too bad. If Forego were to run in it and defeat the cream of the international set, including Ivanjica, the filly who won France's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe two Sundays ago, the Laurel race would regain much of its old glamour and Forego's claim to being the best racehorse in the world would be unquestioned. Winning the Champions will only make him the richest.

THEY SAID IT

- Bum Phillips, Houston Oiler coach, after a heated vocal exchange in which Ed Biles, his 5′ 6″ defensive coordinator, almost came to blows with John Mecom Jr., wealthy owner of the New Orleans Saints: "One was too little to fight and the other too rich."
- Sam Bailey, Texas Tech fullback, who sang and played the piano on Coach Steve Sloan's TV show, when Sloan asked him if he had ever appeared on television before: "Sure. Back in McKinney on those cameras they have in Gibson's store to see if you're stealing anything."
- Tom Nissalke, new coach of the NBA's Houston Rockets, when asked, during a question-and-answer session with a group of fans, how he pronounced his name: "Tom." END

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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 18, 1976

THE REDS SPED AHEAD



The world champion Reds were steadfastly themselves through the opening two games of the National League playoffs, which is to say they were resolute, unflappable, supremely confident, flawless afield, intimidating on the bases and powerful at bat. Also unbeatable. The Phillies, on the other hand, were obviously someone else—the Montreal Expos perhaps, or possibly the harlequin impostors who played in their uniforms during the near collapse of late August and early September.

In the first playoff game, a 6–3 loss, the Phils were even confounded by their own artificial turf, a carpet on which they had played 81 games this season. The Reds, who had set foot on it only six times, seemed as familiar with it as with the living room rugs in their own homes. Phillie Shortstop Larry Bowa reacted to ground balls as if he were a jaywalker dodging midtown traffic, and Rightfielder Ollie Brown played nearly everything hit to him into a triple. In the third inning, a Pete Rose fly ball sailed past him untouched, and in the fifth a Ken Griffey liner skidded under his glove as he groped for it. Bowa and Brown sought forgiveness on grounds that the field was stained and slippery from daylong rains and that the lights in Veterans Stadium are sometimes blinding.

In one maddening sequence in the sixth inning there were consecutive misplays by Centerfielder Garry Maddox, Third Baseman Mike Schmidt and Bowa. However, Schmidt, who fell victim to indecision on a ground ball by Cesar Geronimo, was the only one assessed an error. The Reds, meanwhile, pressed on behind the pitching of Lefthander Don Gullett, whose two hits (a single and double that drove in three runs) were equal to the number he allowed the Phils in the eight innings he worked. Gullett's teammates backed him up with seven extra-base hits and four stolen bases.

The Phillies at least began well in the second game, a 6–2 loss deplored by a playoff-record 62,651 fans at Veterans Stadium. They led 2–0 through five innings—one run scoring on a second-deck Greg Luzinski homer—as Jim Lonborg held the Reds hitless. Lonborg lost his "rhythm," his no-hitter, his shutout and the game when the Reds scored four times on only three hits in the sixth. The most controversial play of the inning was an "error" charged to First Baseman Dick Allen on a smash by Tony Perez that nearly decapitated him. Allen, ever popular, was nevertheless booed his next time at bat.

After two games the Reds had 12 runs, 16 hits, no errors, a 2.50 ERA, five stolen bases and two wins. All the Phillies had was one big problem.

CONTINUED





Pete Rose, who had 54 hits and six mates who had five steals, crimped Phils' hopes Lardner

ably those of Jim Lonborg, whom Manager Danny Ozark yanked after he lost a no-hitter in

Game 2's sixth inning. First game winner Don Gullett allowed two hits and had two himself









Once a familiar postseason sight, the Yankee lineup was making its first appearance in 12 years

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

GOOD OL' AMERICAN STANDOFF



Catfish Hunter was so sharp stopping the Royals in Game 1 that no count ever reached three balls

In the opener, George Brett's bad throw on an easy third-to-first double play let in two Yank runs, but his triple in Game 2 began K.C.'s decisive rally



Until last Sunday night the conventional thinking was that the Yankees had everything they needed for their first American League pennant in 12 years: hitting, pitching, speed and a best-of-five championship series with slumping Kansas City. The Royals were just an average team during the second half of the season—and a bad one in the last two weeks. Hardly a match for the poised, confident Yankees. But after losing the opening game 4–1, Kansas City changed some thinking by tying the series with a 7–3 victory on Sunday. As the teams headed for New York, the Yanks remained the favorite, but the Royals were decidedly in contention.

Kansas City began the playoffs clumsily, falling behind 2–0 in the first inning of the first game because of two throwing errors by Third Baseman George Brett. Brett did have three hits off Catfish Hunter, but they hardly atoned for his mistakes. After a 17–15 season, Hunter was his old playoff self, walking none and facing the minimum 18 batters in the first six innings. "That was the channel catfish today," said Manager Billy Martin. "The good kind that's edible."

But on Sunday the Yankees floundered, committing an American League playoff record five errors and leaving 11 men on. In the first, sixth and eighth innings, identical three-hit, one-error rallies produced Kansas City's runs. Brett keyed the sixth-inning go-ahead outburst with a booming triple to center. Paul Splittorff was the winner with 5⅔ innings of shutout relief. Tendinitis had limited him to three appearances since July 27, and he even spent time in the instructional league working back into shape. On this night, however, it was the Yankees who belonged in the bushes. END

TWO GAMES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

Minnesota blitzed Chicago 17–0 in the first half, then the Bears routed the Vikings 19–3 in the second. It was the kick-spikers who won the showdown for the Vikes

by Robert F. Jones

Not content to play just one football game last Sunday, the Minnesota Vikings and Chicago Bears decided to schedule a doubleheader at Bloomington, Minn. The Vikings rudely trounced the Bears in the first game, otherwise known as the first half, by a score of 17–0. Then the Bears turned around and took it to their hosts, winning the second half handily, 19–3. Put it all together and it was a 20–19 squeaker for the Vikings, their fourth thriller in four weeks.

Only the opener, a 40–9 whupping of the New Orleans Saints, was easy for the Vikings. Then came the 10–10 overtime standoff with Los Angeles—the game in which Quarterback Francis Tarkenton threw that mysterious goal-line interception when the Vikings were only a chip-shot field goal away from sudden-death victory; a 10–9 decision over the Detroit Lions, thanks to a goal-line stand and a mishandled snap on Detroit's try for the game-tying extra point; and, penultimately, the 17–6 manhandling of the Pittsburgh Steelers the previous Monday night, a triumph abetted by several dozen Steeler errors.

Winning the close ones is the sign of a Super Bowl champion—something the Vikings have never been—and so far Minnesota has not lost any of the squeakers. In contrast, the Bears, young and eager but totally unpolished, are a building team that is just getting good. Such teams are good in flashes, and the Bears flashed aplenty during the second game of the doubleheader.

"The Bears played well," Minnesota Coach Bud Grant said after the games, "but what's so unusual about that? In the last 10 years most of our games with them have been tough." Maybe so, but for the last 10 years the Bears have hardly qualified as the Monsters of the Midway, losing twice as many games as they have won. Now Chicago was fresh from a 33–7 mauling of the Washington Redskins and was fighting Minnesota for the lead in the NFC's Central Division, coming in with a surprising 3–1 record compared to the Vikings' 3–0–1. Grant was concerned enough about the Bears, particularly their hungry front four, which led the NFL with 21 quarterback sacks, that he kept Tarkenton on the sidelines throughout the Pittsburgh game rather than risk any further injury to the quarterback's ribs. More rib-rattling might prevent him from playing against the Bears. Grant's reasoning was clear: beating back the Bears' challenge for leadership in the Central Division was more important than any interdivisional contest, because division champions automatically qualify for the postseason playoffs.

What happened to the Bears in Sunday's first half, though, was what happens to most young clubs that meet the experienced Vikings: they showed their youth.

The first time Tarkenton got his hands on the ball he engineered a 58-yard, eight-play march that ended with Chuck Foreman pounding over from five yards out. Despite touches of toughness from a defense that has yet to meld perfectly and some fine first-half bursts by Running Back Walter Payton—runs that gave ominous presentiment of what was to come—the Bears dropped behind 10–0 in the second quarter when Fred Cox kicked a 29-yard field goal. But the Bears' worst enemy was the yellow flag—the game was to see 11 of them thrown at Chicago, painful to the extent of 90 lost yards—along with some dreadful punts that dribbled off the toe of Bob Parsons.

Darting everywhere, Chicago's Payton was no Mr. Sweetness to the Vikings as he ran for 141 yards



As if to seal matters, Tarkenton put together another drive toward the end of the half—this one going 46 yards in nine plays, featured by a 39-yard pass to Wide Receiver Sammy White, the rookie from Grambling who has replaced the departed John Gilliam as Tarkenton's favorite "big-play" man. Foreman once again punched over for the touchdown. Cox's extra point was good, and thus Minnesota won the first game 17-zip.

The first-half stats, as much as the score, seemed to leave no doubt as to the eventual outcome. The Vikings had rolled up 12 first downs and 179 yards of total offense, compared to the Bears' totals of five and 119. Tarkenton had balanced his attack nicely, too, getting 87 yards from Foreman and friends on the ground and 92 through the air. But buried away in those halftime stats was a figure that would soon bring a chill to the hearts of the 47,614 Viking faithful who had trudged out to their groaning tailgates for the customary halftime repast. Payton, the second-year man from Jackson State who leads the NFL in rushing, had amassed 77 yards in 11 carries, and he had only begun his act.

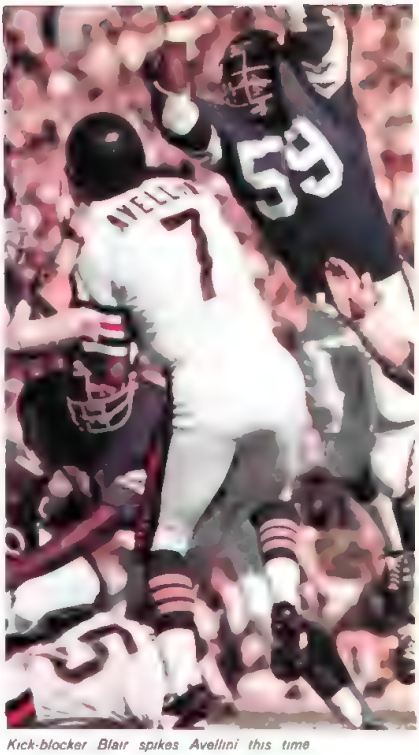
Sure enough, the Bears came out running in the second half. After Chicago stopped Minnesota on its first possession, Payton began to pound the Vikings' defense. He went for 16 yards in one incredible squirting burst up the left side. Then a pop for five, another for three, followed by a sweep to the right for 10 behind his excellent pulling guards, Jeff Sevy and Revie Sorey—both, like Payton, in their second pro seasons. When Payton wasn't ripping the vaunted Viking run defense that had held Pittsburgh's Franco Harris to a measly 34 yards just six days earlier, running mate Roland Harper was. Harper banged for 19 and 12 yards on a Chicago ground drive that would have made Erwin Rommel grin. With the ball at the Minnesota 13, Payton again swept right and culminated an 80-yard, nine-play, passless push by blasting into the end zone. Suddenly, the Bears were back in the running in more ways than one.

Now it was Minnesota's turn to flounder. The next offensive series broke down when Tarkenton was sacked back on his 19-yard line. Ultimately, Tarkenton went down four times as the Bears increased their quarterback muggings to a league-high 25 for five games. After Neil Clabo's punt, the Bears picked up where they'd left off, which means that Quarterback Bob Avellini kept the ball on the ground. Payton pounded into the middle, found the way jammed up by blockers and tacklers, bounced off a few unfriendly legs and shoulders, then skirted left and galloped 49 yards to the end zone. Alas, Chicago's Noah Jackson, a reserve guard, was caught clipping on the run, and the touchdown was nullified. Undaunted, the Bears punted to Minnesota, and on the Vikings' first play the Bears forced—and recovered—a Foreman fumble at the Minnesota 14-yard line. On second down at the 11, Payton headed for the right side and slammed across the goal.

Then came the kind of play for which Minnesota is famous. The extra-point try by Chicago's Bob Thomas was blocked by 6' 5" Linebacker Matt Blair, the star of the Vikings' off-season basketball team. It was the seventh time this season that a Viking had blocked either a field goal or an extra point, with Cornerback Nate Allen—acquired from San Francisco during the preseason in what Grant calls "one of the best trades I ever made"—accounting for three of them, Tackle Alan Page two, End Carl Eller one and now Blair one, too.

The 17–13 score stood only until the beginning of the final quarter, when Cox kicked a 39-yard field goal for a 20–13 Viking lead. But the Bears were still coming on, and suddenly Avellini, the second-year man from Maryland, began to use the air. He had almost no choice; weakened by his recent bout of flu, Payton had been taken out of the game after scoring his second touchdown, and now he was watching dazedly from the sidelines. Avellini steadily moved the Bears through Viking country by mixing passes to Wide Receiver James Scott with runs by Harper, who was doing Payton's work. Harper punched for five, six, five, 11 and then the final seven yards for the touchdown that lifted the Bears to within a point of the Vikings at 20–19.

Well, it might have been nice. All the Bears needed to tie the game at 20 was one measly extra point. But once again the try failed, this time Thomas—wary, no doubt, of the Viking spikers—missing wide to the right of the uprights. The rest of the action was typical Black-and-Blue Division mayhem, but fruitless for both sides. The Bears did have another shot at victory with 3:10 to play, but Thomas' 52-yard field-goal attempt was no good. Payton returned for the last play of the game and collaborated with Avellini on a 34-yard pass completion. Unfortunately for the Bears, it was 48 yards shy of a miracle.



Kick-blocker Blair spikes Avellini this time

Still, Payton's 141 yards in 19 carries for the day—only seven short of his career best against San Francisco—bode well for Chicago's future. "Payton going out of the game in the fourth quarter made a lot of difference," Grant said afterward. "He's a great football player." Indeed, he is. At 5' 10½" by 203 pounds, Payton runs with the fury of a billiard ball gone berserk. His ferocity afoot belies his nickname, which is, oddly enough, "Sweetness." Off the field, it fits. Soft-spoken, painfully shy to the point of introspection, Payton is a young man of deep religious conviction, the kind of man who springs up now and then from the black loam of his native Mississippi—running madly, praying humbly and singing soul music on the side. (Payton once won the U.S. Soul Train Dance Contest.) Though he sings no more in choirs, preferring to let his feet warble for him, he does play the drums to unwind. Especially after Sunday doubleheaders against the Vikings. END

ALMOST EVEN IN AN ODD SEASON

James Hunt won at Watkins Glen to gain one more victory than Niki Lauda in the race for the world championship, but the defending titlist kept his slim lead in overall points with a dramatic third-place finish **by Sam Moses**

World driving champion Niki Lauda stood barely sheltered from an ugly drizzle by the cold concrete of the Ferrari pits as he prepared to qualify for last Sunday's United States Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y. Gingerly the Austrian placed a foam earplug in his right ear, a piece of which is missing. The photographers surrounding him focused their cameras on the gruesome tissue that enveloped his eyes and temples like a 29¢ Halloween mask. Ten weeks earlier the face had been scarless; now it is disfigured after a crash in the German Grand Prix at Nürburgring, a circuit Lauda despises for its danger. That crash had nearly killed him.

A photographer leaned to within 24 inches of Lauda's face; Lauda slowly turned his back and covered his face by slipping on his flame-retarding balaclava. Before the crash it had a single wide opening for his eyes, but now there is a protective strip—sewn on by Lauda's wife Marlene—to protect the tender skin on the bridge of his nose. The Phantom-style hood exaggerated the new shape of the 27-year-old champion's eyes, grown oval in appearance because of his healing skin.

Lauda, amazingly fit after an appalling German GP crash, wore a fire-resistant hood under his helmet



If Lauda's face was scarred, his spirit was not. That and his heavy right foot had survived intact. He qualified fifth and overcame the deteriorating handling of his Ferrari to finish third at the Glen and stay ahead in the point standings. Lauda's good friend and great rival, Englishman James Hunt, drove a McLaren-Cosworth to victory, his second in a row. He had won the Canadian Grand Prix one week earlier. At the Glen he gained five points on Lauda and now trails by a mere three, 68 to 65. The championship will be settled in the Japanese Grand Prix on Oct. 24, the final event in the 10-month, 16-race series.

For nearly a week after Nürburgring, Lauda had been near death. The oxygen count in his blood was below the level theoretically necessary to support life; his lungs had been seared when he sucked in flames. The doctors told Marlene that there was no hope her husband of six months would live. A priest gave him last rites. "Goodby, my friend," the priest had said. Niki, who was conscious during the ceremony, had no intention of saying goodby to anyone.

Lauda hung on with the same determination he displays in a race car. Temporarily blind, he concentrated on voices as a method of remaining conscious. Consciousness was painful, but it was a way to stay in control. Not until the sixth day was he out of danger of dying.

With a therapist at his side 24 hours a day, Lauda exercised for half of those hours, and so pushed himself back into condition. Six weeks to the day after the crash, he raced in the Italian Grand Prix and finished fourth. Hunt would not win the championship by default after all.

"A lot of people have said I am crazy to go back to racing so quickly," Lauda says. "But they don't understand. It is

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT



Uphill and down at the Glen, Hunt [illegible] after a driver's flag. That he is the victor of a Grand Prix [illegible] has not slowed him.

the job I have, it is the risk I must take."

Lauda would have been trailing Hunt by four points coming into the United States GP had not one of Hunt's five victories—the British GP—been stripped from the Englishman days before the Canadian event. Ferrari had protested that Hunt had been allowed to restart illegally after a race-stopping red flag, and the protest eventually was sustained. (Ironically, the red flag came after a multicar crash in which the No. 2 Ferrari driver, Clay Regazzoni, bounced off Lauda's car and into Hunt's path.)

Thus in a sense Hunt, too, may be a casualty—of a power struggle between the strong Formula 1 Constructor's Association (in which Hunt's manager at McLaren, Teddy Mayer, is influential) and the *Commission Sportive Internationale*, the official governing body for Formula 1 racing. It was the CSI that threw out Hunt's British victory. All told there have been three clashes between McLaren and the CSI this year. They have been the result of the two organizations wrestling over which should interpret—let alone enforce—the rules.

"Teddy Mayer is what you call a bad word," says one Italian close to the CSI.

"Bloody meddlers," said Mayer after the CSI took the British GP away from his driver.

So Watkins Glen was a crucial race for Hunt if he was to keep his championship hopes alive. As things turned out, Ferrari, having recently hired the Argentine Carlos Reutemann, passed up the opportunity to gang up on Hunt with three cars at Watkins Glen and kept Reutemann in Italy to test next year's car. That left Lauda and Regazzoni, who had so blatantly blocked Emerson Fittipaldi's McLaren last year at the Glen as Lauda sped to his first title. Since Regazzoni started 14th and Hunt first—grid positions were taken from Friday's damp practice session. Saturday's having been drowned out—the possibility of a Ferrari squeeze on Hunt was slight.

Good thing. If he had been balked by a Ferrari running interference, Hunt surely would have reacted more strongly than Fittipaldi, who shook his fist and swore a bit at Regazzoni, but let it go at that. "I've almost got to win this one, now don't I?" said Hunt before the race.

Starting on the front row beside Hunt was Jody Scheckter, driving the mechanical oddity of the season, a six-wheeled Tyrrell-Cosworth. At the green flag Scheckter outdragged Hunt into the first turn, and for 36 of the 59 laps Hunt hounded Scheckter as Lauda, after moving into third on the sixth lap, eyed his chief rival from five seconds back. But the champion lost sight of Hunt when his Ferrari began to oversteer.

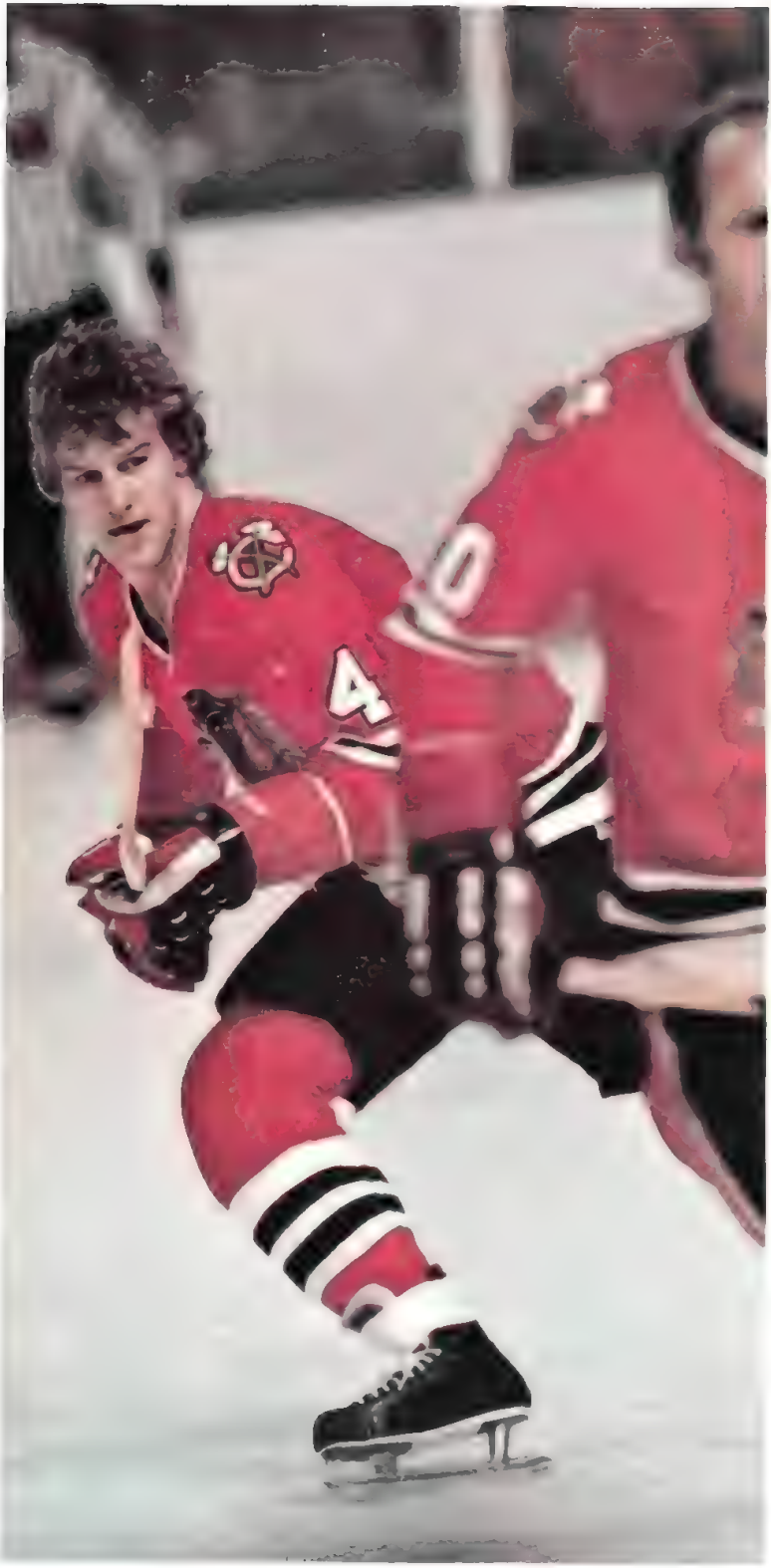
On the 37th lap Hunt passed Scheckter in traffic, then four laps later Scheckter repassed as they exited the chicane, where Scheckter had been bouncing over the curbs as often as not, his helmeted head visibly snapping back from the impact. With 13 laps remaining, Hunt gained the lead for good and spread the margin to 8.03 seconds at the finish.

Lauda, meanwhile, was losing ground to Hunt's teammate, Jochen Mass. "The oversteer was getting worse and worse," said Lauda. "I was *not* slowing because I was tired." On the last lap Mass made a charge at Lauda, and they crossed the finish line only half a car length apart. Had Mass been able to catch Lauda it would have meant one less point for Hunt to make up.

Fifth place was also settled by a whisker—two-tenths of a second, to be exact—as Britain's John Watson, driving the U.S.-owned Penske-Cosworth, made an unsuccessful stab at Hans Stuck's March on the last turn.

Two American drivers in British cars had a chance at becoming the first from this country to win our Grand Prix. But the ignition on Mario Andretti's Lotus-Cosworth went on the fritz, which slowed him, and then his front suspension was damaged when he hit the chicane's curb, which stopped him. The other American, Brett Lunger, drove a smooth race from 24th to 11th place in a Surtees with a tired Cosworth engine.

After Lauda had come off last season's championship to win four of this year's first six races, the question was: Can anyone stop him? Now Hunt has won four of the last six, and six on the year. The question is the same; only the names have changed. END



RETURN OF THE FABULOUS INVALID

Bobby Orr and his $3 million knees were doing fine, thanks, as he began the new season with old enemies in Chicago

by Peter Gammons

Wearing his customary No. 4, Orr provided the Hawks with some badly needed scoring punch

It was a maneuver that Bobby Orr had orchestrated hundreds of times before. He cradled the puck on his stick inside the blue line and lured the St. Louis defenseman from his position near the goal. Click. Orr slid the puck past the oncharging defenseman to a teammate at the side of the net. Click. Teammate No. 1 passed to teammate No. 2 in front of Goaltender Ed Staniowski. Click. Red light. The resurrection of Bobby Orr as a Chicago Black Hawk was only 92 seconds old last Thursday night, and on his very first shift in a red, black and white uniform he had engineered Chicago's first goal of the season. With fine dramatic emphasis, the first huzzahs of the new hockey season had been earned by the game's richest and most celebrated team-switcher.

Unfortunately for the Blues, Orr was just warming up. On his third shift, Orr initiated the passing play that led to the second Black Hawk goal. Early in the second period Orr scored himself, his first Chicago goal, working a give-and-go with Cliff Koroll and then blasting a 40-foot wrist shot past Staniowski. And later he started the play that produced still another Chicago goal. When his debut was over, Orr had been on the ice for each of the six goals that the Black Hawks had scored in their 6–4 victory over the Blues. "You know," Chicago Center Stan Mikita said with a smile, "hockey just may be fun again."

Maybe in Chicago, but not in Boston.

As Orr opened for the Black Hawks, the Bruins played the Minnesota North Stars before only 9,221, the smallest non-snowstorm crowd in Boston since Childe Bobby arrived to save the franchise in 1966. The Bruins' owners surveyed the 5,376 empty seats in the Boston Garden, and the next day they went to the courtroom of Judge W. Arthur Garrity in search of an injunction that would prevent Orr from playing for the Black Hawks until the Bruins received proper compensation for Chicago's signing of Orr as a free agent last summer. Hearing of this, Orr's attorney, Alan Eagleson, announced in Toronto that the Black Hawks would breach Orr's five-year, $3 million contract if they gave compensation to the Bruins, and that Orr would be a free agent again.

Boston's court action clearly had the Black Hawks—and Orr—in an unsettled state Saturday night when they lost to the New York Islanders 2–1 at the Nassau Coliseum. Obviously worried that someone might slip him a piece of paper with Judge Garrity's autograph, Chicago Coach Billy Reay steeled himself in the dressing room before the game and posted injured Defenseman Bill White outside the door to keep intruders away. During the game White and Dave Logan bookended Reay behind the Chicago bench, and escorted him Secret Service style to and from the dressing room between periods. After the game Reay bolted the door again and refused to meet with reporters. Reay arranged for Orr to have a private police escort from the building, and later Reay and the other Black Hawks had their own police protection as they exited through a back door.

"I don't know what Reay's worried about," said Islander Coach Al Arbour. "People have been chasing Orr for 10 years now and haven't been able to catch him. How's some judge going to do it?"

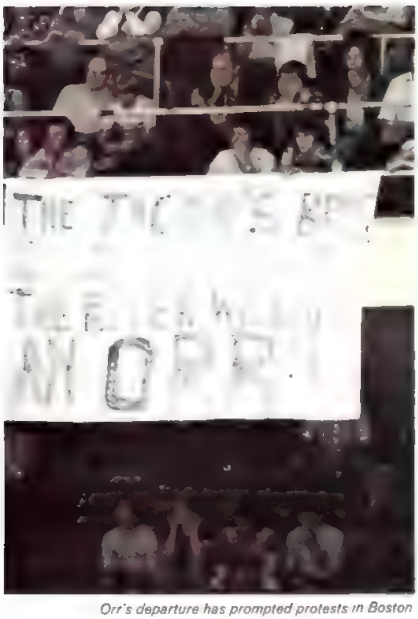
Orr himself masked uneasiness with cheerful talk. "It's just great to be back playing hockey," he said. "I wasn't always sure that I'd be able to say that. But here I am a Chicago Black Hawk—and trying to help them win some games."

At 28, Orr was a Black Hawk after having spent half his life in what he has called "servitude" to the Bruins. He had signed with Boston as a 14-year-old amateur for a few hundred dollars in cash, a new coat of stucco for the Orr family's house in Parry Sound, Ontario, a secondhand car and the promise—never fulfilled—of

continued

His first night's work done, a happy Orr leaves the ice in St. Louis after leading Chicago to a 6–4 victory





Orr's departure has prompted protests in Boston

BOBBY ORR *continued*

some new clothes. During his decade with the Bruins, Orr radically altered the style of hockey by introducing defensemen to the attack side of the game, and he twice scored the winning goal for the Bruins in the final game of the Stanley Cup playoffs. He also had five operations on his ravaged left knee (and one on the right knee), including two last season that limited his activity to just 10 games and convinced the Jacobs family—the third organization to own the Bruins in three years—that he was not worth any $3 million. So now he has resettled with his wife and son on a quiet street in a Chicago suburb, far from his skyscraper penthouse in downtown Boston.

"Orr has been our leader from the minute he walked in on us," Reay says. When Orr walked into Reay's office at the Chicago Stadium, his picture was already on the wall—watching Bobby Hull's 400th career goal go into the Boston net. Reay wisely allows Orr to miss some Black Hawk practices in order to rest his knees, but Orr has fit in easily with the Chicago players. "Bobby's a superstar who acts like a rookie on the fourth line," says Defenseman Dale Tallon. "He disappears into the middle of the group."

Orr's first trip with the Black Hawks began with little ceremony. There were no television crews awaiting his arrival at the St. Louis airport, and there were no bothersome autograph-seekers to disturb him when he went off for some Chinese food with St. Louis Goaltender Eddie Johnston, an old Boston teammate. His opening-night performance impressed his new teammates. "From a distance you can't appreciate Bobby Orr," said Forward Darcy Rota. "He's maybe the best who has ever played the game, yet he's still so gung-ho. Before the game he goes around to each guy in the dressing room and bangs him with his stick, wishing him luck. He's so enthusiastic, so intense, you feel you have to be the same way. And he keeps it up on the bench."

When Orr was off the ice and supposedly resting between shifts against the Blues, he stood in front of the Chicago bench and yelled encouragement to the other Black Hawks. When Mikita scored Chicago's sixth goal, Orr skated some 50 feet to embrace him in congratulation. It was an odd sight: only two years before, Orr and Mikita had engaged in a violent stick-swinging and spearing match in Chicago and afterward had not refrained from making derogatory comments about each other.

"My knee feels good," Orr said the following day on the Black Hawks' flight to New York. "I know I have a way to go, but I know now that it's going to keep getting stronger. Sure, I'm not the same player I once was, but I've learned a lot, too."

Indeed, unlike the old Boston Orr who streaked down the right side on *Kamikaze* flights and hurdled bodies to score goals, the new Chicago Orr showed against the Blues and the Islanders that he prefers to weave toward the middle of the ice and then slow up at the blue line in order to assemble his teammates for a play. "Bobby doesn't have that great acceleration anymore," Mikita says, "and he doesn't make the sharp, quick cuts he used to. But now, well, he's so damned smart." Even against the tight-checking Islanders, Orr had no trouble getting the puck out of the Chicago zone and onto the attack. Orr's old swashbuckling style always obscured the fact that he is hockey's most ingenious passer of the puck, and now he obviously concentrates on body and stick position with passing—not rushing—in mind. "He starts to break for that blue line like he did in the old days," says the Islanders' Eddie Westfall, another former Boston teammate, "and then remembers he doesn't want to get trapped up ice out of position."

Orr brings to the Black Hawks an offensive dimension that they have lacked since 1972, when the Chicago management refused to sign Bobby Hull for about half the $3 million it cost to obtain Orr. "Last year our power play was so bad that we used to talk about refusing the penalties," says Pit Martin. With Orr controlling the action from his right-point position, Martin scored three power-play goals in the Hawks' first two games. The Black Hawks converted four of their five power-play opportunities in St. Louis and were on the power play when they scored their only goal against the Islanders. Leading New York 1–0 in the third period, Chicago had another one-man advantage, but Reay decided that Orr needed some instant rest and kept him on the bench. The Chicago attack stuttered, and the Islanders scored a shorthanded goal to tie the score. Billy Harris of the Islanders later beat Goaltender Tony Esposito with a high shot to give New York its 2–1 win. Still, Reay was hardly despondent.

"I'm convinced now that the personality of a team needs a player with charisma," he said, "and Orr's presence definitely has changed this team's personality. Before, we had guys going backward when they should have been going forward. We had to scratch for anything, and we never had any of those rocking-chair games that make the season less drudgery. I'm optimistic, very much so."

Orr's arrival so far has not produced the financial lift the Black Hawks had expected when they shelled out their $3 million. Chicago still has not signed a local television contract. None of the exhibition games in Chicago were sellouts, and last Sunday night's home opener, a 5–1 win over the Vancouver Canucks in which Orr set up three of the goals, attracted only about 16,000, 4,000 short of capacity. The Black Hawks refuse to disclose any ticket information, so there is no way to determine what effect Orr has had on season ticket sales.

In Boston, though, the Bruins' season sales have dropped by 2,200 per game, and the club has had little response to a heavy media advertising campaign. Orr, in fact, attracted a larger crowd when he played in Boston as a 17-year-old with the amateur Oshawa (Ontario) Generals than the Bruins lured for their first game in the post-Orr era. Irate Bostonians hung signs from the balconies. THE JACOB'S BROS SOLD US DOWN THE RIVER

continued

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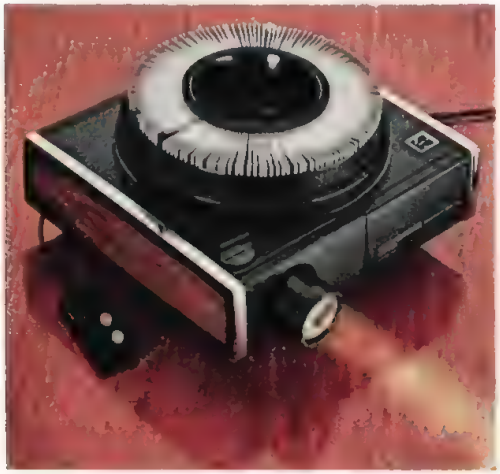


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WITHOUT AN ORR, one read, COMPENSATION ORR CANCELLATION, said another. In the street a scalper lamented, "The business is gone. This is worse than the days when they never made the playoffs." In the 3Bs, the preferred watering hole of the Boston players, Orr's old Boston pictures have been moved aside and replaced by a photo of Orr in his Chicago uniform. In Jeremey's, a Hanover, Mass. bar where two years ago each Bruin game was watched on a huge television screen by crowds so large they bulged the walls, only a few customers showed up Thursday night, and they watched *Captains and the Kings*—not the Bruins—on a 20-inch Magnavox. Co-Owner Paul Coady knew why. "When Orr left, all the fire in the hockey interest died," he said. "People don't care about the Bruins anymore."

Exactly what Chicago owes the Bruins for Orr is unclear. There is speculation that Chicago's payment to the Jacobses consists solely of the concession rights at Chicago Stadium. Indeed, in an interview with Boston journalist Clark Booth last month after the Canada Cup, in which Orr was MVP, Bruin President Paul A. Mooney seemed to state Boston's position with perfect clarity when he said: "They say he [Orr] was great last week and I guess he was. But he won't last the season. Our diagnoses tell us he can't possibly do it. What's in there [the knee] can snap at any time, and we know it will. It could be next week. It could be next month, but it will go."

A month has passed since Mooney made those remarks. Orr has played without any knee problems, and now the Bruins have gone to court for compensation. Still, the doubts remain. "Will he hold up in the grind of January and February?" asks Defenseman Denis Potvin of the Islanders. "Even if he does, I think it will be much tougher in the playoffs, when teams really concentrate on checking and hitting."

Orr agrees. "I said last winter I'd give it one last shot," he says, "and this is it. So far everything's been more than I could have dreamed of. Afraid? If afraid is lying awake in bed at night, hoping I'm not going to get hurt again, then I'm afraid. But when the uniform goes on, I don't think about it. I'm going to get hit. I know it. When you become protective, you get hurt."

As Potvin says, the question is, "How long can he stay healthy?" **END**



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HOCKEY 1976-77

SHAKE WELL, SERVE ON ICE

Bobby Orr is pirouetting on his surgical knees for the Chicago Black Hawks, not the Boston Bruins, and Dave (Hammer) Schultz is throwing punches for the Los Angeles Kings, not the Philadelphia Flyers. The National Hockey League has transferred the Oakland franchise to Cleveland and the Kansas City club to Denver, where it will be known as the Colorado Rockies. The World Hockey Association has relocated Cleveland in St. Paul and Toronto in football-mad Birmingham, where the old Toros now will be known as the Bulls. Confronting the dollar pinch, front offices in both leagues have stabilized player salaries at an average of $70,000—down almost 15% from the recent golden days. The job market for Canadians has tightened, too, because of the heavy influx of talented foreigners from Europe and the United States. Reacting to charges of excessive roughness, the NHL has stiffened the penalties for fighting: the player who initiates fisticuffs now is assessed a five-minute major and/or a 10-minute misconduct penalty, and a player who persists in prolonging a fight against a pacifist foe now receives an immediate game misconduct. Orr looms over a season in which the mustachioed Schultz undoubtedly will match overhand rights with a new heavyweight contender, Nick Fotiu of the New York Rangers, despite the new restrictions. Little Pierre Larouche will try to lure fans for the Pittsburgh Penguins. Gap-toothed Bobby Clarke and Goalie Bernie Parent will try to regain the Stanley Cup for the Philadelphia Flyers. But scoring champion Guy Lafleur will help keep the cup in Montreal.



THE SWEDISH INVASION

A decade of expansion from six to 30 major league teams has opened hockey's for-Canadians-only job market to foreign competition. Despite their pacifist upbringing, the best of the imports are Swedes

by PETER GAMMONS

Ten years ago there were six teams in the National Hockey League, the sport's only major professional operation. Bobby Orr was an 18-year-old rookie with the Boston Bruins. The average salary of the 120 players in the NHL was about $15,000. And, talk about ethnic purity, 99 17/100s% of the players in the NHL had been born or raised in Canada. Tommy Williams of the Duluth, Minn. Williamses was the only true *foreigner* in the sport.

Bjorn Johansson was a fifth-grader in Oredo, Sweden back in 1966, and he knew nothing about the NHL or Bobby Orr and certainly nothing about Tommy Williams. But hockey has had a major face-lift over the last decade, and now fifth-graders in Oredo know there are 30 teams in North America's two major leagues—the NHL and the World Hockey Association. They know that in 1976 Bobby Orr is a 28-year-old newcomer to the Chicago Black Hawks. That the average annual salary of the 360 players in the 18-team NHL is more than $70,000, while the WHA's paychecks



Swedes Ulf Nilsson (left) and Anders Hedberg work with Bobby Hull (center) on the line that led Winnipeg to the WHA title.

have reached just about the same level. And that a once for-Canadians-only sport has suddenly become a smorgasbord.

This season some 15 Swedish citizens, including 20-year-old Defenseman Bjorn Johansson, will be playing in the NHL and the WHA, along with seven players from Finland, two from Czechoslovakia and, most surprising, approximately 60 from the U.S. One striking example of hockey's new melting pot was the training camp of the New England Whalers, where Coach Harry Neale had a 34-player roster that included 22 Canadians, two Swedes and 10 Americans, including two Harvard preppies and a black refugee from the Oakland ghetto named Henry Taylor. Another was in Boston where 21-year-old Matti Hagmann of Finland showed up for a tryout with the Bruins and easily won a regular job. Juha Widing of the Los Angeles Kings put hockey's foreign invasion into perspective when he said, "Once I was written about as the first Swede to score a goal in the NHL, but now they think I'm just someone from Flin Flon with a funny name."

Of all the foreigners, the Swedish players are having the greatest impact on the game. Bjorn Johansson was the first-round amateur draft choice of the NHL's California Seals (now the Cleveland Barons) this past summer, the fifth player selected and the first European ever picked in the first round. He easily won a job with the Barons.

Toronto's Borje Salming is hockey's most accomplished defensive defenseman and the darling of the crowds at Maple Leaf Gardens. When Salming was introduced with his Swedish teammates before a game against Team Canada in the recent Canada Cup series, the Toronto fans gave him a thundering five-minute standing ovation, punctuated with cries of "B.J., B.J., B.J."—Salming's nickname. Listening to the roar, Canada Captain Bobby Clarke said, "Don't these people know that *we're* the home team in this game?"

In Winnipeg, Defenseman Lars-Erik Sjoberg is captain of the WHA champion Jets, and Center Ulf Nilsson and Right Wing Anders Hedberg work with Bobby Hull on one of the league's most devastating lines; they combined for 141 goals last season. Hull calls Nilsson the team's "air traffic controller," because of the precise manner in which Nilsson passes the puck to his breaking wings. Boston Bruin Coach Don Cherry scouted the speedy Hedberg, who scored 50 goals last year, during the Canada Cup competition.

continued





Borje Salming (left) is the darling of Toronto crowds, and someday Bjorn Johansson may be the same in Cleveland.



Thommy and Christer Abrahamsson like New England lobster.

then said, "Playing Hedberg in the WHA is like running Secretariat at the county fair."

In Hartford, snuff dipper Thommy Abrahamsson starts his third season as a regular defenseman for the New England Whalers, and his kid brother, Christer, starts his third as the Whalers' alternate goaltender. And in Minnesota, eighth-round draft choice Roland Eriksson has won a regular job at center with the NHL's North Stars; in his first NHL game last week, Eriksson had four assists against the New York Rangers.

Why this heavy influx of Swedes? The lure is basic. "We came over here for the experience and the challenge but mostly for the money," says Thommy Abrahamsson, who receives $80,000 a year from the Whalers. "Back home I worked as an electrician and played in the top [Elite] league, and between the two jobs I could make $15,000 or maybe $20,000 a year. With the Swedish rate of inflation, that's only $10,000 or $12,000 here in the U.S. And you can't eat too many lobsters on that. The life here is good." Toronto's Salming recently signed a five-year contract for $1 million, while Nilsson and Hedberg have identical Winnipeg contracts that pay them more than $100,000 a year. "We were considered gangsters when we left home to play for big money in North America," says Christer Abrahamsson. "Now kids all over Sweden want to be hockey players in North America."

Ironically, the advance guard of Swedes did not survive very long in pro hockey. Sven (Tumba) Johansson, Sweden's "Rocket Richard," failed a tryout with the Boston Bruins in the late 1950s, and Ulf Sterner flunked a four-game test with the New York Rangers in 1964 when he could not adjust to the hitting of the NHL pros. "The Rangers played tougher against me in practice than they did against the rest of the league," said Sterner as he left for home. But in 1972 the combination of NHL expansion and the creation of the WHA opened up hockey's job market, and the Detroit Red Wings imported three Swedish players. One, Defenseman Thommie Bergman, played regularly for the Red Wings for two seasons before jumping to the Winnipeg Jets. Toronto signed Salming and Left Wing Inge Hammarstrom before the 1973-74 season; Hedberg, Nilsson, Sjoberg and the Abrahamssons, among others, turned professional before the 1974-75 schedule.

From the start, the Swedish players had to combat the "Chicken Swede" image that most Canadian-born hockey players felt was the perfect description of the newcomers' nonviolent hockey style. "I was prepared for the runs players took at me," Salming says, "and I was ready for the spearing and so forth, but some of it was ridiculous." The Broad Street Bullies initiated Salming into the NHL in his first game in Philadelphia. In order, Salming was chopped down by Bob Kelly's stick, hacked by Ed Van Impe and punched repeatedly by Dave Schultz. Last spring Salming was the prime target of Philadelphia's intimidation tactics during the Stanley Cup playoffs. A pacifist, Salming refused to drop his gloves and fight any of the Flyers; in one game he simply held onto the shirt of Philadelphia's Mel Bridgman while the Flyer player was throwing punches at him.

"It wasn't as bad as people made it out to be," Salming says, "but Swedes just don't know how to fight. In Canada kids are brought up fighting. In Sweden, never. It is the philosophy we have about the game." In fact, fighting can earn a season's suspension in Sweden. "North American hockey," says Winnipeg's Sjoberg, "is the only sport where fighting is allowed."

Sjoberg remembers his first fight with the Jets. "All of a sudden my gloves were off and some guy was pounding me," he says. "Then I realized I didn't know what I was doing. So I just stood there. Afterward, someone asked me if I thought I looked stupid. I thought the other guy looked stupid. You know, it's never the really tough players who pull this stuff, only the little punks who want to prove something. The difference between North American and Swedish hockey? Look at the teeth."

Last season Nick Fotiu, the Staten Island, N.Y. native whose left hooks and overhand rights have now earned him a job with the New York Rangers, had a speed bag installed in the New England Whalers' dressing room, and one day he tried to get Thommy Abrahamsson to use it.



Hedberg's No. 1 admirer in Winnipeg is Gunn-Marie Nineberg.

Abrahamsson walked over, took a swing and the bag hit him squarely on the nose. "You ought to put a team together and tour Sweden," Abrahamsson told Fotiu. "You, Johnny McKenzie, Schultz and a bunch of other guys. They'd love you in Sweden. Like a freak show. Maybe you could even put Muhammad Ali on skates."

Toronto Owner Harold Ballard has been low on the courage of one of his own Swedes, Inge Hammarstrom. "Hammarstrom could go into the corner with a dozen eggs in his pocket and not break one of them," Ballard once said. On another occasion, after a game against the Flyers in which Hammarstrom had not been very aggressive, Ballard suggested that the Swede had contracted the "Philly Flu." One frustrated WHA coach, seeing Hedberg and Nilsson skate circles around his players, yelled at the Swedes, "How can you guys score 50 goals and not have any scars?" But New England Coach Harry Neale says, "I'll tell you about the Swedes. Ricky Ley hit Nilsson last season with what might have been the most violent clean check I've ever seen. I mean, I thought Ricky'd broken every bone in Nilsson's body. Well, Nilsson got up and got five assists against us."

Hedberg says he detected the strong anti-Swede feelings of Canadian players "right away" after his arrival in Winnipeg. In San Diego Andre Lacroix protested that the Swedes were "taking jobs away from Canadians." "We'd be cross-checked, speared and challenged to fights," Hedberg says. "I remember a couple of times we asked each other, 'What are we doing here?' Then we decided we had three courses of action: we could retaliate by dropping our gloves and fighting, we could be intimidated and stop playing our games, or we could keep going and try to ignore the provocation. Our game is to skate and score goals, and the only way we could do that was by following the third alternative. It wasn't always easy, but we were lucky to have Bobby Hull and an entire team behind us."

The not-so-subtle intimidation tactics that Canadians practiced on the Swedish players angered Hull, who called the intimidators "goons." Hull even staged a personal one-game strike as a protest against the harassment of his European teammates. Hull also has been a major force behind changes in WHA rules that now call for the expulsion of players who wield their sticks like Scaramouche.

Hedberg, Nilsson, Sjoberg and most of Winnipeg's other European players were recruited for the Jets by Dr. Gerry Wilson, an orthopedic surgeon in Winnipeg whose promising hockey career with the Montreal Canadiens was ended by knee problems. Dr. Wilson visited Stockholm in the winter of 1973-74 to do research on sports medicine and teach a course on sports injuries at the Gymnasium, a university that prepares physical educators in both the practice and the philosophy of sport. "I was fascinated by their entire approach to sport," Dr. Wilson says. "When I found out that Hedberg, Nilsson and Sjoberg were interested in playing in North America, I quickly contacted the Jets. We needed something. The simple economics were that we were drawing 2,400 to 2,500 per game in Winnipeg. There was some skepticism when they arrived, and grumbling that they were taking Canadian jobs away from Canadians. But by the end of the year they were bringing in 8,000 people a game."

Hedberg leads the philosophical discussion groups in the Winnipeg dressing room. "Sometimes it sounds like Oxford in there," says Coach Bobby Kromm. Hedberg once helped start a philosophy-of-sport course at Stockholm's Gymnasium, and now he and Dr. Wilson lecture at sports clinics and seminars throughout Canada. Hedberg glibly expresses his views on hockey (the way one plays can be improved by his understanding of the physical and psychological aspects of the game as well as his environment and physiology) and, for what it's worth, even Mussolini—"He controlled mosquitoes in the Mediterranean." Says Hedberg of Soviet players: "They'd never adjust to a society so based on competition, where money is too much power."

Sjoberg, who is 32, is writing his thesis to complete his Ph. D. in education, specifically the application of education to community planning. As captain of the Jets, he already has improved their community planning by convincing management that all bonus agreements should be based on team performances—not individual productivity. "Sjoberg was in Winnipeg for only a year, and then he was voted captain," Kromm says. "That tells you something about Sjoberg the man."

Salming, though, ranks as the outstanding player from Sweden; he is the Swedish Bobby Orr. Like Orr, Salming maintains a low profile, shielding himself from outside contact and keeping his words to a minimum. Like Orr, he plays with remarkable instinct and flair, displaying a recklessness that seems beyond reason or science. He has speed, a hard and accurate shot and surprising strength concealed in his lanky, wiry frame. He also has excellent balance and leverage on skates.

The Maple Leafs discovered Salming and Hammarstrom in the spring of 1973 when scout Gerry McNamara decided to take in a game in Sweden between the Barrie Flyers, a senior amateur team from Ontario, and the Brynas team of the Swedish league. Hammarstrom immediately impressed McNamara as a goal scorer by beating the Barrie goaltender four times; Hammarstrom may not be an egg cracker in the NHL but he has scored a total of 60 goals in his three pro seasons. Salming, on the other hand, mainly impressed McNamara when he was thrown out of the game for fighting. "Well, we were playing a Canadian team, eh?" Salming says with a grin. McNamara visited the Brynas dressing room and invited Salming and Hammarstrom to Toronto for a tryout with the Maple Leafs. They accepted, and they both were in the Maple Leaf lineup for the opening game of the 1973-74 season.

"I've had to make some adjustments," Salming says. "I was basically a defensive defenseman in Sweden, but over here defensemen handle the puck more. I had to learn to turn quickly and go back for pucks that had been dumped into the corners. And I had to get used to all the stuff that goes on in the corners, too. But nothing was too difficult." Indeed, Salming has played in the NHL All-Star Game the last two seasons, and he is the player around whom the Maple Leafs revolve—offensively and defensively.

Better still, not even the bulliest Broad Street Bully calls Salming a "Chicken Swede" anymore. "I think in time I have earned my respect," Salming says. "I hit, I get hit. There is a lot more to the game than knowing how to fight." Says Dr. Wilson of Salming and all the Swedes, "They've proved something to the lumberjacks."

CONTINUED

SCOUTING REPORTS

NHL

On paper and on ice, Montreal seems too deep, too classy and too talented for those upstart Islanders and the dethroned Flyers

If you take out a **MONTREAL** fact book and start turning the pages—past the section that details how the Canadiens piled up a record 127 points last season, past the page that shows the team's 12–1 route to the Stanley Cup and past the first dozen Canadiens in scoring—you will come to Bob Gainey. And if you read Gainey's bio, you will find that he is 22 years old, stands 6′ 2″, weighs 185 pounds, plays left wing and had vanilla statistics like 15 goals and 28 points in 1975-76. You ask why all the ink about Gainey? Well, it is because of Gainey and his kind that the Canadiens are almost as certain to win the cup again as it is to snow in Medicine Hat.



Gainey back-checks for the Canadiens.

A year ago Montreal was not the team to beat. Philadelphia was. So the Canadiens routed the Flyers in four straight games for the cup. Now the Montrealers are being compared to the great Canadiens teams of the '50s when Rocket Richard, Boom Boom Geoffrion, Doug Harvey, Jean Beliveau, Dickie Moore and Jacques Plante dominated the sport.

Ken Dryden ranks with the Flyers' Bernie Parent as the best of the NHL's goaltenders when both are in top form (Dryden had an off-season knee operation; Parent has had nerve problems in his neck). Coach Scotty Bowman has built the league's finest defense around Guy Lapointe, Larry Robinson and Serge Savard. Forwards Guy Lafleur (the scoring champion with 56 goals and 69 assists for 125 points), Peter Mahovlich (105 points), Steve Shutt (45 goals), Yvan Cournoyer (32), Yvon Lambert (32), Jacques Lemaire (20) and others are handy around the net. Despite these familiar assets, Montreal failed to approach its success potential—and never was mentioned in the same breath with those '50s teams—until, as Bowman says, "We changed the way we played. People forget that those teams also had the Bert Olmsteads, Donny Marshalls, Claude Provosts and Henri Richards who checked and worked their tails off. Well, last season we won the Vezina Trophy for the fewest goals allowed. That was the tale of our turnaround. We didn't play only at one end of the ice. And the key guy really was Gainey. Gainey and probably Doug Jarvis."

While Lafleur fuels Montreal's offense, Gainey is the hound-dog forward who neutralizes the big scorers on the opposition—*e.g.*, Philadelphia's Reggie Leach, Toronto's Lanny McDonald, the New York Islanders' Billy Harris. Jarvis, a feisty 5′ 9″ center, scored only five goals last season, but he is a penalty-killing and faceoff wizard, and he replaces Mahovlich, Lemaire—anyone—for anything resembling a key faceoff. "Gainey and Jarvis set the example for this team," says Bowman. "Now you see everyone back-checking." So Montreal—hockey's best—will clinch the Norris Division title by about Thanksgiving.

Four years ago the Detroit Red Wings looked at Defenseman Gerry Hart, noticed that at 5′ 9″ he wasn't much bigger than a hockey stick, examined his bad knees and, understandably, sent him to the expansion **NEW YORK** Islanders. Now as the Islanders start their fifth season, Hart is a major reason why those one-time laughingstocks, who won only 12 games in their first year, have quickly developed into the NHL's No. 2 team and No. 1 in the Patrick Division, ahead of Philadelphia.

With the Islanders, Hart's main job is to play goalie-sitter for Glenn Resch and Billy Smith so his defense partner, Denis Potvin, can make frequent puck-carrying forays. "Every once in a while the puck feels so good on my stick I'm convinced I can be a scorer," Hart says, "but then I look at my career record, count my goals [14 in five seasons] and go back to my job."

With the emergence of Potvin, who scored 31 goals and 67 assists and won the Norris Trophy as the NHL's best defenseman; the dazzle of the young line of Billy Harris, Clark Gillies and Rookie of the Year Bryan Trottier; the goaltending of Resch and Smith, who together yielded only 190 goals, second to Montreal; and the steadiness of Hart, Bert Marshall and Eddie Westfall, the once-abominable Islanders moved into the 100-point class last season. "People think we need a 50-goal scorer to win the cup," Hart says, "but I'm not so sure. We've got guys like Harris and Gillies who can score a lot—and a lot of guys who can score a little. The key is how we react now that we're no longer an underdog."

Gone from **PHILADELPHIA** is Dave Schultz and his quick fists. And gone, of course, is the Stanley Cup. Present are nagging questions. Will Captain Bobby Clarke's aching Achilles tendon, the source of recent discomfort, get well? Can Parent, who tended goal in only 11 games last season, be the Parent of old? He did not look it during the exhibition schedule. And will Forward Rick MacLeish play at full velocity after the knee surgery that sidelined him midway through the 1975-76 season? If Clarke,



Hart baby-sits for the Islanders' two goaltenders.

Parent and MacLeish are less than 100% healthy and 100% effective, the Flyers won't be flying.

Coach Fred Shero has moved MacLeish, the only Flyer forward with any speed, from center to left wing. The Flyers still have the highest-scoring line in NHL history—Clarke (30 goals) centering for Reggie Leach (61) and Bill Barber (50), while Jimmy Watson is an All-Star defenseman. Schultz's departure does not signal the end of the Broad Street Bullies. Hound Kelly, Moose Dupont and tough Jack McIlhargey all return, and there is a new strongman in town—Right Wing Paul Holmgren.

In Don Luce and Craig Ramsay **BUFFALO** has the Joe Rudi and Gene Tenace of the NHL, the low-profile operators who do all the dirty work—backchecking, forechecking, penalty killing—for the Sabres. "I never was a star, not even when I was 10, so I always had to work harder just to play," says Ramsay, left wing on the line centered by Luce. "People tend to talk about the wrong things," Luce says. "Like the number of goals a player scores. What good are goals if you don't play defense?"

Luce scored but 21 goals and Ramsay 22 last season as Buffalo finished second behind Boston in the Adams Division. Danny Gare, who plays the right side with Luce and Ramsay, scored 50 goals, while the French Connection combined for 128: Gilbert Perreault 44, Rick Martin 49 and Rene Robert 35. Nevertheless, the Sabres were bounced from the playoffs by the Islanders. Coach Floyd Smith has frequently severed the Connection in the interests of defensive hockey, and it may not survive this season. The Buffalo defense remains error prone, although a healthy Jim Schoenfeld could overcome that handicap, and the goaltending is terribly inconsistent at best.

CHICAGO has not been an exciting hockey town since Bobby Hull left four years ago. If they have finished welding his knees, Bobby Orr will restore the zest, not to mention scoring power. The Black Hawks' idea of a rout has been a 1–0 sleepwalk. Given a poor grade of Orr, Center Stan Mikita and Goaltender Tony Esposito would have to recycle the magic that produced those 1–0 routs. In any case the Black Hawks should waltz to the Smythe Division championship.

Orr's departure is one reason why **BOSTON** probably will not repeat as the Adams Division champion; the Bruins are weak on defense, where only Brad Park, who has had a few knee operations himself, handles the puck with any confidence. Chicago could strengthen the Boston defense considerably by providing Phil Russell or Dick Redmond—or both—as compensation for Orr. The goaltending team of Gerry Cheevers and Gil Gilbert is solid, and Forwards Peter McNab and Rick Middleton have been acquired in an attempt to get some scoring thump into the lineup. Coach Don Cherry, who introduced Boston to checking hockey with favorable results a year ago, has staunch centers in Jean Ratelle and Gregg Sheppard, and ancient Johnny Bucyk returns as a power-play specialist at left wing. But Boston will be hard pressed to produce enough goals to compensate for the leaks in the defense.

"We're going to win the Stanley Cup in two years," shouts **TORONTO** Owner Harold Ballard. "Maybe we'll win it this season." Indeed, the Leafs are back after spending almost a decade in various stages of rebuilding programs. "We went from 13th to seventh in the overall standings last season," says Coach Red Kelly. "Now comes the hard part." Sweden's Borje Salming, young Ian Turnbull and dependable Brian Glennie key the defense for Goaltender Wayne Thomas (3.19 goals-against average in 64 games). Kelly's attack is chiefly the line of Captain Darryl Sittler (41 goals), Lanny McDonald (37) and Errol Thompson (43). "Sittler's a throwback to the old school," says Kelly. "His great nights [six goals against Boston, five against the Flyers in the playoffs] never affect him."

Last year **LOS ANGELES** regressed by 20 points, but Owner Jack Kent Cooke forgave the Kings when they beat Atlanta in the opening round of the playoffs and then clawed through two overtime wins while forcing Boston to seven games before bowing in the quarterfinals. "That spirit carried over," says Coach Bob Pulford. One reason for LA's regular-season problems a year ago: the goals-against total shot up by 80, while the goals-for dropped by six. Local scholars trace that to the absence of miracles from newcomer Marcel Dionne (his 94 points were fewer than expected) and the departure of Corner Cop Dan Maloney and Defenseman Terry Harper. "Actually, what happened was that we broke in three young defensemen," Pulford says. Now Gary Sargent, Dave Hutchison and Neil Komadoski have gained their experience the hard way, and seem ready to provide dependable help for Bob Murdoch, who singlehandedly tried to

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MacLeish now flies on left wing for the Flyers.

cover up for all the blunders his youthful mates committed in front of Goaltender Rogatien Vachon.

The Los Angeles Times gave the arrival of Dave Schultz equal billing with the hiring of Manager Tom Lasorda by the Dodgers. In the land of the Beach Boys, though, the Hammer will not be asked to kick sand in anyone's face. Hutchison and Bert Wilson handle that for the Kings.

In **PITTSBURGH** Plucky Pierre Larouche comes off a 53-goal and 58-assist season, which makes him the highest-scoring 20-year-old in major league history. Defensively, though, Larouche rarely came across the other side of the red line. "It's not that Pierre can't play defense," explains Coach Ken Schinkel, "it's just that he's so preoccupied with the puck, he forgets about it." This forgetfulness does not make Pierre an unusual Penguin. Jean Pronovost scored 52 goals, Syl Apps 32, Rick Kehoe 29, Lowell MacDonald 30, Vic Hadfield 30 and Battleship Kelly 25 as the Penguins flashed the red light a total of 339 times, second to Philadelphia. However, they gave up 303—the third highest total in the league. Veteran Don Awrey, acquired from Montreal, joins a defense that includes Dave Burrows and Ron Stackhouse, but all the Penguin defensemen lack the speed and puck-handling ability to clear the puck with dispatch. Compounding this problem, new Goaltender Denis Herron broke his arm in the opening game last week and will play spectator for a few months.



Luce and Ramsay wish their Sabre teammates would do some checking.



Murdoch is the Kings' old man on defense.

At last the **NEW YORK** Rangers have added muscle to their lineup. Coach John Ferguson, hockey's best cop during his days as Montreal's enforcer, prays that Nick Fotiu will be a Ferguson for the Rangers and, as he says, "give us some respect." Born and raised on Staten Island, a subway-and-ferry ride from Madison Square Garden, Fotiu once won the Police Athletic League's boxing championship. Ferguson has disposed of several high-salaried Rangers who spent too much time admiring their checkbooks and replaced them with aggressive youngsters such as Right Wing Don Murdoch and Defenseman Mike McEwen. He also has brought in Right Wing Ken Hodge from Boston to work alongside former linemate Phil Esposito. Hodge wore No. 8 and Esposito No. 7 in Boston. They are now 88 and 77, respectively, in Fun City. Still, the Rangers are weak defensively and porous in goal, where John Davidson spends too much time flopping to the ice and newcomer Gillies Gratton performs erratically.

The Rangers will battle **ATLANTA** for the final playoff berth in the Patrick Division, which the Flames won last season. Atlanta's goaltending is everything that New York's is not—namely dependable—with Phil Myre and Daniel Bouchard, who gave up 95 fewer goals than the Ranger net minders. Rookie Center Guy Chouinard strengthens Atlanta's weak power play, and rookie Richard Mulhern takes a regular defense job. Curt Bennett (34 goals) and Eric Vail, whose broken collarbone has mended, power an attack that will be a scorcher if Center Tom Lysiak, the most talented Flame, plays to his potential. Lysiak made scor-

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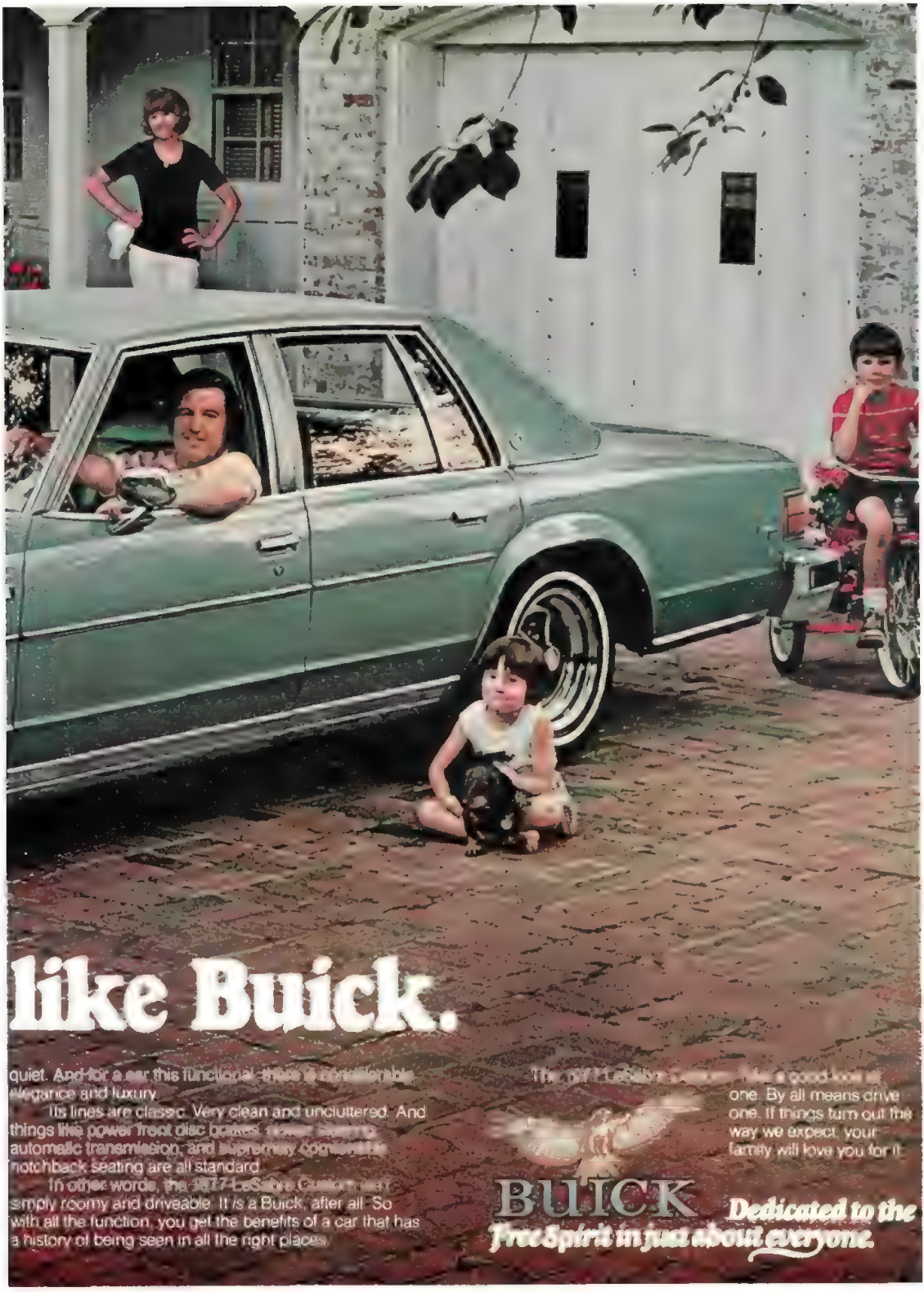
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ing 31 goals and 51 assists look very easy last year.

Well, no more California Seals. For better or worse, they are the **CLEVELAND** Barons now, and they are only one quality defenseman away from being a legitimate playoff threat in the Adams race. Rick Hampton, 20, has matured into the leader, an Orr-generation defenseman who personally creates an offense. No. 1 draft choice Bjorn Johnansson moves in as a regular on defense. And the 3-M line of Dennis Maruk (30 goals), Bob Murdoch (22) and Al MacAdam (32), along with a fourth M—Center Wayne Merrick, who scored 32 goals—provides Cleveland with consistent scoring. Goaltender Gilles Meloche (3.44 average) is the happiest Baron, though, because Cleveland does not face the extended road trips that always plagued the Seals.

VANCOUVER Coach Phil Maloney decided he'd had enough of his "malcontents," so long gone are Goaltender Gary Smith, Center Andre Boudrias and Defenseman Tracy Pratt. Ancient Cesare Maniago, 37, replaces Smith, and accident-prone Center Chris Oddleifson, who has broken his jaw four times, takes over as captain. Lanky Bob Dailey leads the defense, with Dennis Ververgaert (37 goals), Don Lever (25), Rick Blight (25) and Mike Walton (eight goals in 10 games) the main scorers.

During his decade in New York, Emile Francis usually used **ST. LOUIS** as his Siberia. Then Francis was fired by the Rangers, and now he is running the Blues—surrounded by seven of his former players. Defenseman Rod Seiling verbally ripped Francis when the Cat disposed of him, but all seems to be forgiven because Seiling has signed with the Blues as a free agent. For scorers, Francis has Chuck Lefley, who had 43 goals last year, including eight while the Blues were shorthanded, and iron man Garry Unger, who had 39. But Seiling and Bob Hess are the only defensemen with any puck-handling skill—and the only ones without a second home in the penalty box. How far the Blues travel will depend on 21-year-old Goaltender Ed Staniowski.



Hampton skates from Oakland to Cleveland.

Foam Lake, Saskatchewan held a Dennis Polonich Day this summer, which probably comes as a surprise to anyone not from Foam Lake or **DETROIT**. The 5' 6", 166-pound Polonich swashbuckled into the NHL last year by looking Bobby Clarke in the eye, informing him, "I'm not impressed with your press clippings," and then having a stick fight with the Flyer. Polonich later fought Bobby Orr, and Red Kelly said, "The next time he comes to Toronto, I'll tell my guys to take their stick and hit him over the head with it." For his efforts, Polonich received 302 penalty minutes—and a new two-year contract. Detroit has missed the playoffs for six straight years—and this season will make it seven. Besides a capable defense, what the Red Wings lack most is a full-time coach. After an "exhaustive search," the Red Wings announced they had found one but that he wouldn't take over until next season. This situation leaves Billy Dea as the designated bench coach talking on a headset to General Manager Alex Delvecchio upstairs in the press box. Despite this slapstick setting, Detroit is assembling some quality players, particularly Polonich, Right Wing Michel Bergeron (32 goals last season as a rookie) and rookie Forward Fred Williams.



Jensen is Minnesota's box-office hopeful.

Around **MINNESOTA,** the North Stars have been called the No Stars for their dismal performances in recent years. Rookie Left Wing Steve Jensen, a native of Minneapolis, may help them reinstate the "rth" this season. "I remember coming to the Met as a kid when the North Stars played to sellout crowds," says the 21-year-old Jensen, "and I think we can fill it again." Jensen, who joined Minnesota after the Olympics last February and scored seven goals in 19 games, works with another rookie, Center Roland Ericksson of Sweden, on a line with Bill Goldsworthy, the onetime North Star star. Another Minnesota native, Peter LoPresti, is the hope in goal, but there may be no hope for the No Stars on defense.

The Kansas City Scouts have resurfaced as the **COLORADO** Rockies, but the people around Denver, remembering how the WHA's Spurs skipped town under the cover of darkness last winter, have not knocked down the ticket wickets. The NHL has sent several CARE packages to the Rockies, including Forwards Sean Shanahan and Ron Andruff from Montreal, Defenseman Tom Edur from Boston and Goaltender Doug Favell from Toronto. And the rival WHA even chipped in with Wing Barry Dean, the No. 1 amateur draft pick of Kansas City in 1975, who signed with Phoenix when the money-poor Scouts could not meet his contract demands. What Colorado

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needs now is quality play from Wilf Paiement, the 20-year-old right wing who had to sit out the final 23 games last season because of calcium deposits in his thigh.

WASHINGTON drafted Defenseman Greg Joly two years ago, gave him a five-year, $800,000 contract and called him the new Orr. Joly has not been compared to Orr since, and the Capitals may recycle him as a center. Coach Tommy McVie gets scoring power from newcomer Guy Charron and Hartland Monahan, although Monahan doesn't have the touch of his father-in-law, Boom Boom Geoffrion. The Capitals are still the worst team in the NHL.

WHA

Bobby Hull and all his Swedish playmates make Winnipeg the best in the West, while Quebec's Frenchmen are the East's best.



Daley has no bad habits in Winnipeg's goal.

WEST—In the consolidation process that reduced the WHA from a three-division, 14-team league to two divisions and 12 teams, the West has emerged as the better of the twain. The best in the West, and once again the best in the WHA, is **WINNIPEG.** Call the Jets the Winnipeg Europeans, for half their roster is composed of European imports, and two-thirds of their best line is Swedish. Playing with Bobby Hull, Anders Hedberg scored 50 goals and Ulf Nilsson had 38. The 37-year-old Hull scored 53 goals last season. However, he will miss several weeks this fall with a wrist injury.

Two more Swedes, Captain Lars-Erik Sjoberg and Thommie Bergman, anchor Winnipeg's defense for Goaltender Joe Daley. The son of an Irish railroad man, Daley is a devout Christian who doesn't drink, smoke or give up very many goals. Last season he allowed just 2.84 a game.

In **HOUSTON** 48-year-old Gordie Howe has retired. Not as a player, mind you. Ol' Gordie is far too spry for that. Howe has just stepped down from the time-consuming off-ice job as president of the Aeros and now, in his 29th season, will devote total attention to his on-ice obligations, like trying to repeat as Houston's leading scorer and bettering his 1975-76 totals of 32 goals and 70 assists. Gordie's sons, Mark, the left wing who scored 38 goals, and Marty, the rough defenseman, also return, but the Howe family's days in Houston may be numbered unless the club's management signs Mark and Marty to new contracts and pays out overdue bonuses to all the Howes. If Terry (Jackhammer) Ruskowski can remain intact physically, Houston could regain the championship it lost to Winnipeg in four straight games. The 5′ 9″, 168-pound Ruskowski, a man of doleful eyes and a Fu Manchu mustache, is cursed with brittle bones in his hands, and the Aeros have advised him to play less rambunctiously so he can avoid injury time on the sidelines.

CALGARY needs about half a dozen forwards with Ruskowski-style vigor and aggressiveness to protect Forwards Danny Lawson and Ron Chipperfield, who managed to score 44 and 42 goals respectively last season when they weren't chased off the puck by intimidators. The Cowboys are well served in goal by Don (Smokey) MacLeod, and he gets strong support from Defenseman John Miszuk. Early last year Coach Joe Crozier told Miszuk, "Go home, I don't need you." The stubborn Miszuk remained in town and attended practices, but Crozier ignored him. Then an injury siege struck Calgary, and when the Cowboys were reduced to just three healthy defensemen, Crozier hastily called Miszuk. Calgary won on the day Miszuk reported—and continued to win with him in the lineup regularly. Miszuk was named to the mid-season all-star team; at the end of the schedule Crozier signed him to a long-term contract.

Gruff Bep Guidolin has coached the NHL's best, Boston, and its worst, Kansas City. Now he will try his hand in **EDMONTON,** but the Oilers are not gushing with talent—or money. In economy moves, Guidolin dismissed veteran Right Wing Bruce MacGregor, who had a $100,000 salary, and asked a number of other players to take severe pay cuts. Dave Dryden, who declined Guidolin's pay-cut suggestion, provides dependable goaltending, while Right Wing Tim Sheehy (34 goals) displayed a good scoring touch after being acquired from New England. The darling of Edmonton's diminishing fanship, though, is Rick Morris, the only Oiler who does not limit his checking activities to the bank.

Three years ago the NHL's Detroit Red Wings discarded Robbie Ftorek because he was too small. Two years ago **PHOENIX** shipped Ftorek to Tulsa, supposedly to give his ailing knee some rest but actually to forget him. One day when Ftorek was in Phoenix visiting his wife, the Roadrunners called and asked him to fill in for a sick regular. The 5′ 8″, 158-pound Ftorek, who was born and raised in the Boston suburb of Needham, made such an impression with his hustle that the Roadrunners canceled his return flight to Tulsa—permanently. Last season he centered for Del Hall and John Gray, and the line accounted for 128 goals. Operating with the guile of a Camille Henry, Ftorek scored 41 goals and 72 assists for 113 points, and became the highest scoring American in pro hockey history. Ftorek must approach those figures if Phoenix expects to make the playoffs again. In a surprising move on the eve of the regular schedule, Phoenix sold off two of its best young players—Wings Barry Dean and Cam Connor—for economy reasons.

SAN DIEGO has a new owner, McDonald's hamburger king Ray Kroc, who also owns the baseball Padres. The Mariners

continued

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still have the leading scorer in WHA history in Center Andre LaCroix, but their primary strength is defense. Kroc's Eggs McMuffin money acquired Paul Shmyr from the late Cleveland Crusaders. Rugged around the net and an aggressive puck carrier, Shmyr is the league's best defenseman. Complementing Shmyr is 5' 11", 202-pound Kevin Morrison, the former minor league tough guy who last season learned to control his temper tantrums and wild fisticuffs and scored 22 goals. They provide superior protection for Goaltender Ernie Wakely, a lover of exotic dishes whose day revolves around his dinner meal. Wakely came to the Mariners a year ago in one of hockey's strangest deals. To get him, San Diego gave Winnipeg the privilege of *talking* to any Mariner who became involved in a contract squabble with the club. There have been no major contract squabbles in San Diego, so the Wakely trade has not been consummated.

EAST—The only Canadian team in the East, **QUEBEC** should rule the division. Still, the high-scoring Nordiques are not without worries. Forward Rejean Houle, after 51 goals last season, redefected to the Canadiens, and Left Wing Marc Tardif, the WHA's 1975-76 scoring champion with 71 goals and 77 assists, is still recovering from head injuries suffered during the Nordiques' playoff brawl against Calgary last spring. Tardif, Center Christian Bordeleau and Right Winger Real Cloutier—French Connection II—scored 168 goals, most in the league. The pivotal man is Bordeleau, nicknamed "Pepe," the oldest of the three hockey-playing Bordeleau brothers. J.P. skates for the Black Hawks, and baby-brother Paulin joins Quebec after two seasons with the Vancouver Canucks. Christian is a hard, quick shooter. Once criticized for his inability to make accurate passes to his left wing, who happened to be Bobby Hull, Bordeleau made dozens to help Tardif score his 71 goals.

Quebec's principal pressure should come from **NEW ENGLAND.** Thommy Abrahamsson, who scored 14 goals as a rushing defenseman, and brother Christer, who allowed just 3.42 goals a game before a pinched-nerve injury forced him to miss the last half of the schedule, steady the defensive side. Nineteen-year-old Gordie Roberts of Detroit already may be the best American-born defenseman in the game. As usual, the Whalers' offense will be led by another American, Center Larry Pleau of Lynn, Mass. The first player signed by the Whalers in 1972, Pleau, a 29-goal scorer last season, is underrated. He wears No. 4, the numeral of his cousin and former Montreal Canadien teammate, Jean Beliveau, and he is almost impossible to budge in front of the net. "If there were more Larry Pleaus in hockey," says Coach Harry Neale, "they wouldn't need coaches."

It rarely rains goals in **INDIANAPOLIS** in the wintertime. Last year no full-time Racer finished among the WHA's top 50 scorers. Fortunately, Indianapolis doesn't permit many goals in the wintertime, thanks to 22-year-old Michel Dion, who allowed an average of just 2.74 after winning the job from Andy Brown.

CINCINNATI had a remarkable 26–14 home-ice record in its first season but still failed to make the playoffs. In Year 2 the Stingers need help in goal, where Paul Hoganson has been overgenerous, and some experience up front, where the average age is less than 23. The Stingers' graybeard is 27-year-old Rick Dudley, the fearless left wing who always seems to be wrapped around a goalpost or eating someone's hockey stick. He is the Pete Rose of the Stingers. What they need now are a few Johnny Benches and Joe Morgans.

The well-paid Toronto Toros were the WHA's most disappointing team last season, winning just 24 games. Not surprisingly, proper Torontonians managed to find ways to avoid spending their dollars on Toro tickets. So Owner John Bassett has moved them south to **BIRMINGHAM,** where they have some new investors, including several of Bassett's old WFL cronies; a new arena, the 17,250-seat Civic Center Coliseum; and a new nickname, the Bulls. The new Bulls are O.K. on offense but woefully weak on defense, just like the old Toros. Vaclav Nedomansky, who probably never dreamed there was a Birmingham in his future when he defected from Czechoslovakia to Toronto in 1974, scored 56 goals last season. Frank Mahovlich scored 34 goals for the Toros, but he seems to have lost his zest for the game after 20 seasons in the big leagues. Birmingham's future, though, is 19-year-old Center Mark Napier, last season's Rookie of the Year with 43 goals. Napier is the fastest skater in the WHA, faster than even Anders Hedberg. He is so speedy, so shifty, that Bear Bryant may try to recruit him for the Bama football team.



Pleau is an original New England Yankee.

The **MINNESOTA** Fighting Saints are back, but are not related to the Fighting Saints who went belly-up last midseason. The new Fighting Saints are actually the old Cleveland Crusaders, who surrendered that city to the NHL's California Seals, now the Cleveland Barons. While the name Fighting Saints still creates an image problem, particularly in the ticket-selling area, the new management has changed the uniform color from royal blue, white and gold to scarlet and gold. Victories will help the image more than scarlet uniforms, but unfortunately the Fighting Saints lost their two best players, Center Jim Harrison and Defenseman Paul Shmyr, during the move. Defenseman Tom Edur also abandoned the Saints, who, in a surprising move, traded Right Wing Gary MacGregor, a 44- and 21-goal scorer in his two WHA seasons, to Indianapolis for aging Center Dave Keon. Slick Center Ron Ward remains, however, and Minnesota has signed tough guy Gordie Gallant, who once had a dressing-room fight with former Fighting Saints Coach Harry Neale, and also onetime Fighting Saints Goaltender Mike Curran, who was the first player signed by the new WHA in 1972. This time Curran hopes his team will survive the complete season. **END**

Report from the 40 Winks Tourist Court

TEXAS VS. OKLAHOMA PLUMB PUT EVERYONE TO SLEEP EXCEPT GROVER

Mrs. Wilma Mae Gurley
Rt. 4, Crab Claw, Okla

Dear Honey,

Well, the first thought that loped across my brain when I got back to the 40 Winks Tourist Court this afternoon was how happy you will be to learn you don't have to work on the farm no more or drive around in that old blue pickup truck.

I know you have never been real strong on the farm life. I can't hardly blame you for not liking to roll out of bed at four o'clock in the morning in the winter. You have did more cooking, washing, chopping, milking and all-purpose toting than any woman in Crab Claw. You might of thought I forgot about the vow I made when I proposed marriage. While you was working like a dog all these years you might of thought I forgot that I promised you wouldn't have to be no farm wife stuck out in the country with nobody to talk to but me and little Wilmer and nothing to do all day but just slave away in general.

I didn't forget though. We are rid of that old farm for good, honey. You won't never again have to clean the plugs or grind the valves on that old pickup either. No sir, it's a whole new life for us from now on. I guess you can't wait to hear how it happened.

The big thing was when you won me that Texas vs. Oklahoma football game ticket at the shopper sweepstakes at the Piggly Wiggly grocery store in Eufaula.

If you had not of did that, I would not of been able to write you this letter about kissing that old farm goodbye. Because without that ticket I would not of come down here to Dallas on the Greyhound bus. Also I would not of met my new friend Lester McBath, who is the chief sport writer for the Terlingua Nugget newspaper. Lester would never of introduced me to Darrell Royal and Barry Switzer. I never would of saw the President of the United States up close in the flesh. I never would of saw the fireworks display at the State Fair of Texas. I never would of saw the hardest hitting football game since the Crab Claw Comets knocked Lowatha Springs out of bi-district in 1968.

There's so many things I never would of did without that ticket that just thinking about it makes me sigh and waggle my head like them old cows you won't have to milk no more.

I run into Lester McBath at the It'll Do, which is a place in Dallas where people go in the daytime for a beer and to meet new friends. It's a good thing I did run into Lester because there wasn't no hotel room come with the sweepstakes ticket, and there ain't a empty hotel room within 25 miles of Dallas on the weekend OU plays Texas in the Cotton Bowl. Even President Ford had to stay the night in Lawton, Okla., because there wasn't no place in Dallas to put him and his crew.

How I met Lester is some big old boy come into the It'll Do and Lester jumped up from the table where he was talking to a real pretty woman and kind of trotted over to the pinball machine and started calling me cousin. Well, I seen what the trouble was. So I took to staring real hard at the big old boy until he throwed a pitcher of beer on the woman and left. Lester is a skinny guy who wears a bow tie and a baseball cap with little holes in the back of it for the head to get some air. Lester was so glad when the big old boy left that he bought me a half a dozen Buds and said I could sleep on the floor of his room at the 40 Winks Tourist Court which is where I am writing this letter from.

"Grover," Lester said when he had learned my name, "I am a very famous sport writer and I have got to go talk to Darrell Royal, the Texas coach, who is real hot and up in the air today. Darrell never has liked me since I quoted him as saying his players was pigs that would jump in the slop for him."

Lester said Darrell used to talk real colorful like that. Darrell would say a tough football game was like putting stink on stink. He would say his boys was going to get on the other team like ugly on a ape. The way Lester told it, Darrell used to be about twice as funny as Hee Haw and Lawrence Welk rolled into one.

But now, Lester said, Darrell didn't talk so funny anymore because certain sport writers had took to quoting him as using colorful words like b--- and c---. Darrell was more of a yes and no man now, Lester said. But if that is true I sure couldn't tell it.

Darrell was real hot at Barry Switzer and the other Oklahoma coachers because they had beat his Texas team five years in a row. Darrell claimed he had found out the Oklahoma coachers had been spying on his secret practices. Darrell is a Oklahoma boy hisself, from over at Hollis. He has did his share of chores and he didn't care for the farm life much more than you do, honey. Being from Oklahoma, Darrell is smart and has a temper, about like me.

"Grover," Darrell said to me, "I will give $10,000 each out of my own pocket to the spy and to Switzer and to Larry Lacewell (Barry's No. 1 assistant coacher) if they will pass a lie detector test that they ain't been spying on me. That is $30,000 in all, and they could snap it up right quick if they ain't scared to. We played Oklahoma real close the last two years and could of whipped them. I tell you, Grover, it is kind of amusing and kind of hacks me off that I will be playing golf in the summer and people will say Darrell I bet you can't wait until the fall so you can make up for last year. Last year we lost a real close game to Oklahoma that was No. 1 and a pretty close game to A&M that was No. 2 at the time and we beat Colorado in the Astrid Bowl. We was 10 and 2. So what is bad about that, Grover?"

Then Darrell said a very profound thing, honey. He said a optimist thinks the bottle is half full and a pessimist thinks the bottle is half empty. I want you to remember that when you are thinking about our new life together.

Lester took me over to see Barry Switzer after that. Barry was real hot too.

continued

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All in all, it's quite a stereo radio. Not just because it's a Panasonic. But because it has pushbutton and manual tuning. An AM/FM slide bar. Four-way balance control for use with four speakers. Even a stereo indicator light.

With our in-dash CB with FM/AM/FM stereo, you get more room for your knees. And that means more room for a lot of other things.



Barry is a pretty good looking blond-headed guy that was raised on a farm in Arkansas. Barry got off the farm too, honey, just like you are doing. "Grover, I hope Darrell sees ghosts ever time he thinks about Oklahoma," is what Barry told me. "He is plumb ridiculous to keep accusing us of spying and cheating. Our players laugh about it. I don't want in no verbal war with Darrell. We will do our talking on the ball field."

I asked Barry who would win the game. He said his boys would. Barry has a way of making people believe him, except for Darrell. Keep that in mind too, honey.

Also I talked to Larry Lacewell. Larry played high school ball for the Fordyce Redbugs in Arkansas. I said that was sure a funny name for a team. Larry said the Crab Claw Comets wasn't no name that would make a possum quit grinning. He said OU had thought about recruiting Rupert Bodeen, the star tackle at Crab Claw in 1972, but Rupert wasn't stump broke. Larry talked a lot and was real friendly. Larry said the Oklahoma boys was going to win the game too.

I was feeling high as a pineapple by then. Lester McBath and I went downtown to visit the riot they have in Dallas on Friday night before the Texas-OU game. Some merchants had boarded up their store windows. But I have saw better riots. Soon Lester and me got bored and went to a Irish bar. Lester said you have never saw a Irishman until you have saw a Irishman in a Irish bar in Dallas. At this bar they throwed darts and drank whiskey and the band played loud Irish songs like "Good-Hearted Woman" that made me think of you.

It was so loud in that Irish bar that I hardly even heard myself make the bet.

One thing I haven't told you yet is the Oklahoma quarterback woke up a couple of days ago with what the sport writers called a "swollen testicle" from some kind of a infection or strain and was out of the game. But Oklahoma had another quarterback, a kid from Texas that Darrell had tried real hard to get. And by now I was about half full of Who Hit John and I got to talking to a guy with a mustache and white plastic shoes by the shuffleboard table at the Irish bar.

And so what I did is I bet him the farm and the pickup truck against a new Pontiac and I took Oklahoma and gave him one and one half points.

After a good night's sleep on the rug at the 40 Winks, I went with Lester to watch President Ford ride through Dallas in a open car. There was 2,000 Secret Service boys in town. The Dallas newspaper said it cost $32,000 to pay overtime to Dallas cops to watch Ford. But the Dallas people was good natured about it, and the President come into the Fair Grounds with 15 cars and three buses full of his folks, which is why it is no wonder they could not find a hotel room big enough.

You might ask what was the President doing in Dallas at a football game instead of back at Washington, D.C. studying up on Russia. Well, Lester said the President was a old-time football player hisself, and the Texas vs. OU game was on national TV for the first time since OU got on some kind of probation four years ago. The President was going to flip the coin at the 50-yard line with Darrell and Barry.

But you didn't see the coin flip on TV because of a equal time law. Lester said since it is a election year, the TV would have to let Jimmy Carter flip a coin too, and maybe even Lester Matlock and Eugene McCurdy. Lester, the sport writer, said the President would probably trip over the 50-yard line. He didn't, but he did drop the coin. Later the President went to the sideline and seen the Texas football boys sticking their arms up in the air to make what they call the Hook 'Em Horns sign, and he thought they was waving at him, and he waved back and made the Hook 'Em sign too. I know he meant well. It was just confusing.

By the way, I sold my football ticket for $200. That is legal to do in Texas now. The Texas legislature has made ticket scalping legal. Lester said it was a accident, like when the Texas legislature gave a honor to the Boston Strangler for his work in population control. Lester got me a sideline pass as the photographer for the Terlingua Nugget. I saw the game real good.

It sounded like a 40-car smashup on the Will Rogers Turnpike ever play out there, honey. OU couldn't make but one first down in the first half and if you count the penalties, OU came out losing three yards from scrimmage. But Texas kept fumbling the ball. Texas has got a freshman halfback named Johnny Lam Jones, the Lam standing for Lampasas, Texas, his hometown, who is the fastest running football player in the country. Johnny Lam has a hurt back and couldn't play in the game. Lester told me that was why Darrell got so hot, because Darrell was trying to keep it a secret about Johnny Lam and Barry found out. I don't know the answer my own self.

It was real old-time football out there. Both teams kept running the flying wedge, and neither one uses what they call the forward pass.

The Texas kicker named Russell Erxleben kicked two long field goals and in the second half it looked like 6–0 would win it for Texas. Then a Texas boy fumbled again and Horace Ivory, another one of them Texas boys that plays for Oklahoma, scored a fourth quarter touchdown with about a minute to go.

Fact is, there wasn't a whole pile of joy on my mouth when OU lined up to kick the extra point that could win the game 7–6. I had given the white shoe guy one and one half points, remember.

But for a second I thought I had won us a Pontiac.

The OU center flung the ball over everybody's head. The kick holder ran back and picked up the ball and throwed a pass. If the right OU boy caught it the score could be 8–6. A Texas boy caught it instead.

So the big game wound up in a 6–6 tie. Football coachers say a tie is like kissing your sister. Far as I am concerned, this tie was more like kissing your Uncle Gooch. But I remember my friend Darrell's advice, which I think is what it was, and look on the bright side.

The bright side is we don't have no new Pontiac, but we don't have no farm or no pickup truck either.

We do still have clear title to little Wilmer and the 12-gauge.

So get to packing, honey. I wish I could see your happy face when you leave that old farm for the last time. Lester has got me a job at the quicksilver mine in Terlingua and I will be looking for us a nice house with a view of Mexico.

Enclosed is $160. Lester is kind of strapped right now, so I had to pay our bill at the 40 Winks. No more farm work, hey girl? Our bottle is at least half full.

Love,
Grover

P.S. Lester showed me his story on the game. It started off: "Under weeping skies, they buried the Wishbone here today." Ain't that pretty?

CONTINUED

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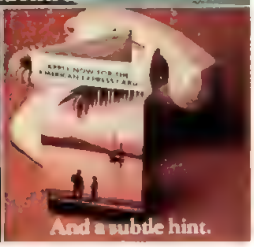

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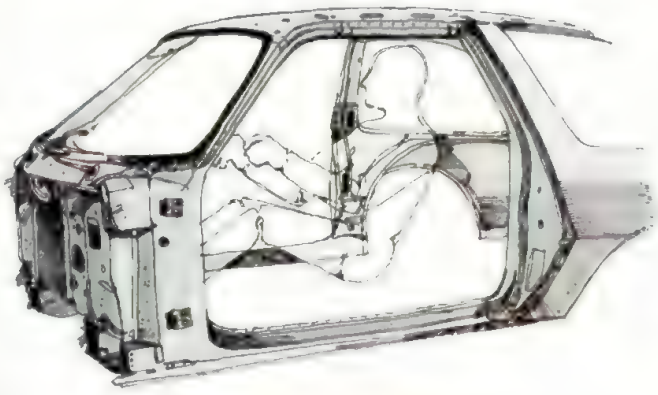
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THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST In addition to the Texas-Oklahoma snoozer, there was a *Texas Trilogy* of sorts in the Southwest Conference. Understudy Rodney Allison got a chance to step to center stage when Texas Tech Quarterback Tommy Duniven was injured. Critics doubted Allison's throwing ability, and although he made good on just six of 15 tries, he brought down the curtain and Texas A&M with 22- and 56-yard scoring strikes to Sammy Williams. Allison also scored on a one-yard run as Tech won 27–16. Another player who came from the wings was Baylor's Gary Blair, who took over for injured Tailback Cleve Franklin and ran for 125 yards and three touchdowns to beat SMU 27–20. For the Bears, who trailed 20–19 before an 80-yard, game-winning drive on which they converted four fourth-down plays, it was their fourth straight come-from-behind win. Tommy Kramer of Rice, the nation's leading passer, continued on cue, hitting 27 of 46 tosses for 342 yards and two touchdowns. Ten of those passes went to Doug Cunningham for 175 yards, and freshman walk-on Wes Hansen kicked 42- and 34-yard field goals as the Owls knocked off TCU 26–23.

In a nonconference tussle, Houston spurted for 40 points in the second half to drub West Texas State 50–7. Second-stringer Alois Blackwell rushed for 200 yards and third-stringer Dyral Thomas for 82 more as the Cougars accumulated 616 yards.

1. TEXAS TECH (3–0)
2. TEXAS (2–1–1) 3. HOUSTON (3–1)

MIDWEST I didn't like three things. We fumbled twice, gave them 10 points and didn't score when we were on the one-yard line. I was very, very distraught with that." Many losing coaches have expressed similar complaints. Those words, though, came from a winner, Michigan's Bo Schembechler, who each week manages to find woeful happenings in the unbeaten Wolverines' performance. Michigan *did* lose the ball *twice* on downs to Michigan State less than a yard from paydirt. And Michigan *did* fumble the ball away *three* times (Schembechler had overlooked one). Nevertheless the Wolverines destroyed State 42–10. Rob Lytle broke loose for 180 yards, Harlan Huckleby for 126 and Russell Davis for 91, the Wolverines ran for 442 yards in all. The Spartans resorted to an air game, Ed Smith and Marshall Lawson combining for a Michigan State record by passing 46 times. They completed 24 of their attempts for 251 yards.

Woody Hayes of Ohio State was in a jolly mood after a 34–14 win at Iowa, where two years ago he and his team were pelted with apples, some of which Woody threw back into the stands. "The fans were lovely," Hayes said of the welcome the Hawkeyes gave him last Saturday. "Of course, our jumping off to a 21–0 lead in the first quarter kept them quiet." Buckeye Fullback Pete Johnson set a Big Ten record for career touchdowns, scoring three on short bursts to raise his total to 48.

Another back at his best from in close was Jim Perkins, whom Minnesota Coach Cal Stoll refers to as his Designated Scorer. Perkins, who has not started a game, scored on runs of seven and six yards and on a one-yard plunge as the Gophers whipped Illinois 29–14. Sixteen of Perkins' 26 carries have resulted either in first downs (nine) or in touchdowns (seven).

John Skibinski ran for 133 yards and Rick Supan booted a pair of field goals, the second with 2:13 to play, as Purdue beat Wisconsin 18–16 in another Big Ten game. And Indiana came up with its first shutout since 1969, blanking Northwestern 7–0 with the help of two end-zone interceptions by Harold Waterhouse.

Colorado's Mark Zetterberg, a senior who has sung bit parts at the Metropolitan Opera, put on a virtuoso performance against Nebraska—with his foot. His field goals of 50, 46, 37 and 29 yards kept the Buffaloes in front until late in the third period. With Richard Berns grinding out 127 yards in 22 carries, the Cornhuskers pulled out a 24–12 Big Eight victory.

Kansas State gave Missouri a scare but ultimately lost 28–21. State, which led 21–14 at halftime, had its upset hopes dashed by Rich Dansdill. After Leo Lewis scored on a 10-yard end run to tie the game, it was Dansdill who rambled over left tackle for 31 yards and the winning points.

Oklahoma State also got tough in the last period. The Cowboys recovered a Kansas fumble on the Jayhawk 35 at the start of the quarter, and one play later Charlie Weatherbie hit Sam Lisle with a pass for the final touchdown in a 21–14 verdict. But the Cowboys might not have been able to contain the Jayhawks had it not been for Cliff Parsley, their three-time conference punting champion. Parsley averaged 52 yards on six boots, including 55- and 66-yarders in the closing minutes.

Bowling Green moved to the top of the Mid-American race, tagging Toledo with a 29–28 setback when Mark Miller passed six yards to Willie Matthews for the winning score with 19 seconds remaining. Central Michigan dumped Ohio U. 17–15, and Kent State toppled Western Michigan 24–12.

1. MICHIGAN (5–0)
2. NEBRASKA (4–0–1) 3. OKLAHOMA (4–0–1)

WEST Hoping to attract more than its usual 24,000 fans, Washington State played a "home" game 300 miles from the campus in Seattle's Kingdome. On hand were 37,268 spectators, and for a while it seemed that the Cougars were very much at home in the dome as they fought back from a two-touchdown deficit to tie USC 14–all early in the fourth quarter. State's surge was triggered by sophomore Jack Thompson, a Samoan, who set a school total-offense record with 355 yards, 340 of them as he hit on 26 of 50 passes. But then the Trojans began to run, especially Ricky Bell, who scored his second touchdown of the game to nail down a 23–14 Pac 8 triumph. Bell wound up just four yards short of the NCAA single-game rushing mark of 350 yards set in 1971 by Michigan State's Eric Allen.

UCLA also had to hustle late. The Bruins trailed Stanford 20–10 at the beginning of the final period. UCLA had allowed just 34 pass completions in its first four games, but this time it was riddled by Guy Benjamin, who found his receivers with 35 of 53 aerials for 378 yards. Tony Hill hauled in 10 of them for 172 yards and two touchdowns. But five of Benjamin's passes were picked off—four in the final period—and the Bruins scored four times in the last 15 minutes to pull out a 38–20 win.

Joe Roth ran for one touchdown and completed 18 of 28 passes for 208 yards and two more as California disposed of Oregon 27–10. In another Pac 8 game, Washington doubled up Oregon State 24–12.

Wyoming seemed to have little chance against Brigham Young, which had yielded just 146 yards rushing per game and which led the Western Athletic Conference in total defense with an average of 235 yards. The Cowboys were without their No. 1 quarterback, Don Clayton, who was hurt in the previous week's upset of Arizona State. So Wyoming Coach Fred Akers decided to tinker with his wishbone. He designed a quarterback draw, featuring inexperienced Quarterback Marc Cousins. According to Akers' diagram, his quick center, Ray Davies, was to pick off the Cougars' rugged middle linebacker, Ron Wood, so Cousins could bolt through the line away from the block. Davies did his job. So did Cousins, who rambled for 171 yards and two touchdowns for the day. Wyoming's Robbie Wright, who was switched from halfback to fullback, gained 70 yards in 19 cracks, and Halfback Latrail Jones sped 163 yards in 11 rushes. In all, the Cowboys rushed for 493 yards and built a 34–7 lead. BYU's Gifford Nielsen, who hit on 24 of 42 passes, led a rally, passing for 300 of his 324 yards in the fourth quarter, and the Cougars scored three times in five minutes. But the Cowboys hung on for a 34–29 decision and took the WAC lead with a 2–0 record.

Arizona soared, while Arizona State was floored. The Wildcats ran up their biggest

continued

score in 25 years, whomping Texas-El Paso 63–12 as they piled up 519 yards and got four touchdowns from freshman Tailback Harry Holt. State, however, continued to have troubles. Unbeaten last season, the Sun Devils lost their fourth in a row despite outdoing Cincinnati 19–9 in first downs and taking passing honors 241 yards to 23. The Bearcats outgained State 163 yards to 76 on the ground en route to a 14–0 victory.

Rob Shaw started and finished with flourishes, galloping 64 yards for a score on the Air Force's first offensive play, then completing four of five passes in a late 82-yard scoring drive to scuttle Navy 13–3.

Long Beach State extended its two-year winning streak to 10 games, socking it to Drake 41–10. And New Mexico edged San Jose State 36–30.

1. UCLA (4–0–1)
2. USC (4–1) 3. CALIFORNIA (3–2)

SOUTH "It's the same distance from the outhouse to the mansion as it is from the mansion to the outhouse," said Georgia Coach Vince Dooley after his Bulldogs blew a 14–3 lead over Mississippi and suffered their first loss of the season, 21–17. "That's the way the game is. People don't remember last week." Rebel Quarterback Tim Ellis was happy to make people forget his previous week's loss to Auburn, during which he had been booed lustily. This time Ellis heard cheers as he ran five yards for one touchdown, passed for a two-point conversion, connected on a 36-yard TD pass and thus scrambled the Southeastern Conference race.

LSU went from a 7–10 deficit to a 24–10 advantage in slightly more than five minutes during a third-period spree against Vanderbilt. The Commodores fumbled the ball away three times during that span and lost the game 33–20. Tiger tailbacks excelled, Charles Alexander rumbling for 152 yards and Terry Robiskie for 107. Mississippi State surprised Kentucky 14–7.

"We didn't beat anybody," said Bear Bryant after Alabama had sure enough beaten Southern Mississippi 24–8. What irked Bryant—and his team, which dropped out of the top 20 in the polls for the first time since 1970—was the Tide's lack of assertiveness and effort. "When anybody jumps us jaw to jaw and cheek to cheek, we turn the other cheek," Bryant complained. Only 45,202 fans came to the game, the smallest home crowd for Alabama in ages. Like Bryant, Tide backers were bothered by Alabama's uninspired play, by its 108 yards rushing against a team that had given up more than 380 yards a game in four earlier losses. They were not pleased, either, by the fact that Tide runners were thrown for losses 12 times for 80 yards.

In other nonconference games, Tennessee waltzed past Georgia Tech 42–7, and Auburn was upended by Memphis State 28–27. The Vols scored the first three times they had the ball, rolled up 475 yards and got three touchdowns from Flanker Stanley Morgan. Tech has become a wreck, having yielded 149 points while losing three of five games (it tied Clemson). Trailing 27–21, Memphis State came through with the decisive score when Flanker Ricky Rivas snatched a Lloyd Patterson pass from two defenders on a 30-yard play. That was the second touchdown pass for Patterson, who has had a pair in each of the Tigers' games. Terdell Middleton zipped and darted for 137 yards for the winners. William Andrews 143 yards for Auburn.

"I saw one of them coming, told my feet to pull away, but I fought it too much. One guy caught me." That was Alvin Maddox' description of how he missed getting a touchdown for Maryland after busting loose on a 63-yard jaunt against North Carolina State. The Terps spotted the Wolfpack six points before wrapping up a 16–6 victory, their record-setting 16th consecutive Atlantic Coast Conference win. Maddox gaining 138 yards.

Freshman Tailback James McDougald broke two school marks by rushing 45 times for 249 yards as Wake Forest beat Clemson 20–14. Duke downed outsider Miami 20–7, but Virginia lost 35–7 to independent South Carolina.

VMI's hopes of toppling Virginia Tech in the 28th Tobacco Festival contest dissipated when the Gobblers scored three times in four minutes for a 37–7 decision. Delaware overcame William and Mary 15–13. In spite of 230 yards in penalties, Tennessee State defeated Grambling 34–20. East Carolina amassed 491 yards on the ground—172 of them by Tailback Eddie Hicks—as it beat Southern Illinois 49–14.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DEFENSE: Jerry Robinson, a sophomore linebacker, made 14 unaided tackles, assisted on seven others and ran back an interception 78 yards for a touchdown to spark UCLA to an uphill 38–20 win over stubborn Stanford.

OFFENSE: "He just got tougher as the game got tougher," said USC Coach John Robinson of Ricky Bell, who scored twice and set Pac 8 marks with 346 yards in 51 carries in a 23–14 victory over Washington State.

1. MARYLAND (5–0)
2. GEORGIA (4–1) 3. MEMPHIS STATE (4–1)

EAST Bad luck, bad weather and bad hands—they were all part of a dismal week for a number of Eastern teams. Tony Dorsett picked up 130 yards in 30 tries as Pittsburgh stopped Louisville 27–6; the bad news was that Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh suffered a fractured fibula that will sideline him for several weeks. A fortnight ago the Panthers' No. 1 signal-caller, Bob Haygood, was knocked out for the season with a knee injury.

"We did some foolish things," Boston College Coach Joe Yukica said following a 28–9 loss to Florida State, which had won only five of 38 previous games. Among the foolish things his Eagles did was fumble six times. The costliest bobble occurred in the fourth period when Seminole Defensive End Rudy Maloy grabbed an Eagle fumble in midair and went 65 yards for a touchdown.

With four of his best backs ailing and with a three-game losing streak on his mind, Penn State Coach Joe Paterno made 10 lineup changes against Army. He even started five freshmen, and two of them—Mike Guman and Tony Capozzoli—accounted for 32 points as the Nittany Lions won 38–16. Guman, a converted safety playing his first game at halfback, gained 107 yards and scored four touchdowns. Capozzoli kicked five PATs and a 40-yard field goal. Steve Geise rushed for 110 yards, and the Penn State defense granted the Cadets minus nine yards on the ground. Army's Leamon Hall, who went into the game leading the country in total offense, added 298 yards as he completed 16 of 42 passes.

Fullback Glen Kehler rushed for 125 yards—his third straight 100-yard effort—as unbeaten Rutgers thrashed Connecticut 38–0. Colgate also continued undefeated, getting past Holy Cross 10–6 on a late touchdown. Boston U. fumbled 11 times in losing 33–6 to Massachusetts. Maine racked up a Yankee Conference victory by holding off New Hampshire 10–0. Dave Jacobs, a 5'7" 141-pounder, booted a 25-yard field goal with seven seconds to go as Syracuse beat Tulane 3–0.

Ivy Leaguers had to contend with gusty winds, heavy rains and turf turned to muck. Best of the mudders were Princeton, Yale and previously winless Penn and Cornell. The Tigers, who now have a 2–1 record, went into a tie for the Ivy lead with Brown by slogging past Columbia 9–3. Princeton Halfback Mike Howard slithered for 133 yards in 37 carries in a game in which each side fumbled six times. The Bulldogs of Yale edged Dartmouth 18–14. The Quakers upset Brown 7–6 when, with 1:51 left, Johnny Mason plunged one yard into the end zone and Tim Mazzetti added the extra point. The winds were so strong at Harvard that they caused the goal posts at the open end of the field to sway. The oddest turn of events came when Cornell Punter Dave Johnson, unable to kick because of an errant center snap, sped 75 yards for the game's only TD as the Big Red got into the swim of things with a 9–3 upset victory over the Crimson, previously undefeated.

1. PITTSBURGH (5–0)
2. RUTGERS (5–0) 3. BOSTON COLLEGE (3–1)

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Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
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Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
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UNHERALDED JADE PRINCE CAME DOWN FROM CANADA AND UNCORKED A RECORD MILE AT LEXINGTON. THE SEASON HAS BEEN THAT WAY, BUT NO ONE KNOWS WHY

Now the pace quickens

Although he is a member of the clan that brought us the five and dimes, Norman Woolworth was never involved in keeping the family store. His main interest is in merchandise far more fickle than three-ring notebooks and art gum erasers. As a partner in Stoner Creek Stud, Paris, Ky., Woolworth breeds harness racing horses, a line of work that puts him smack in the middle of the question of the moment for standardbred fanciers. Why are harness horses racing the mile far, far quicker this year than last year?

At The Red Mile in Lexington, Ky. last week Woolworth nodded assent to the conventional wisdom that to produce a fast colt or filly you breed the best with the best and hope for the best. But he confesses, "Sometimes you breed the best with the best and get something that can't beat me." Which hardly explains the fact that well-, better- or best-bred, almost any horse worth his whinny is going a mile in two minutes or under these days.

During all of 1975 there were 712 races in which the winner was clocked in two minutes or less. With a fair amount of racing still to come this year, there have been nearly 1,500 winning two-minute miles. Ordinary horses are turning in championship times. More than 40 world records have been established so far this season. In the old days, which is to say last year, a two-minute mile was something slightly special. So spectacular has been the proliferation that the subject preempts most other conversational topics among horsemen, and nowhere does it do so more completely than at The Red Mile, where in any year the main purpose is to produce fast times.

The most candid analysis offered last week came from Max Hempt, owner of a highly successful breeding farm in Mechanicsburg, Pa. Hempt chewed at his cigar, contemplated the question for a while and concluded, "I really haven't the faintest idea."

As if to underscore the point, Jade Prince, a little-known 2-year-old Canadian pacer, showed up at The Red Mile—a track rated one of the two fastest in the nation—and promptly toured the course in 1:54⅕, the fastest time ever recorded in a race by *any* standardbred, let alone by a 2-year-old. (The only faster time in history was a time trial mark of 1:52 by a 4-year-old, Steady Star, in 1971.) The old race mark was 1:54⅗, set in 1972 by a considerably more distinguished performer, Albatross, and equaled this summer by a fair horse named Taurus Bomber.

While Jade Prince had raced well in Canada, he was a fizzle in his previous three U.S. tries this year. That seemed appropriate enough since the colt had cost C. Edwin Armstrong of London, Ontario only $19,000. "I liked the way he looked," said Armstrong. But didn't he have a big hock, fat legs and a swollen knee? "Well, yes," Armstrong admitted. "But I bought his heart, not his legs."

Attempts at explaining the speed breakthrough often sound like explanations offered when a lamp is knocked over in the kids' room. The best excuse any of them can come up with is, "The wind must have done it." Hempt and many others know it's not the wind. They also know deep down what one of the major factors is: the modified sulky. But the admission sticks in many throats.

This controversial new piece of equipment (SI, March 29) has been on tracks less than a year. In its various forms it is lighter than the conventional bike. Its fans say that it is balanced better; that it shifts the weight from the front legs of the horse to the rear, thus improving the lifting action, especially of the pacers; that its wind resistance is less and that its wheels track better. There are critics of the modified sulky, most notably Joe O'Brien, a trainer and driver who has almost twice as many career two-minute miles (331) as anyone else. O'Brien says, "It was just coincidence the modified sulky hit this year. It's not the reason for these times." He seldom uses the new bike—and continues to belabor the two-minute mark.

Another driver and trainer, Billy Herman, taps his head and says, "It's psychological. These new bikes give confidence. They make the drivers gamer. A guy will think, 'Hey, this bike will help my horse because it has helped others. So why won't it help me? Why, I'll just roll this turkey right on out and win.' So

Continued

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they flat leave with him and send him down the road faster than they have ever tried to do before." Billy Haughton, the sport's alltime leading money-winner, is not that keen on the new carts, but he concedes, "If a guy goes past you and he has a modified and you don't, it makes you think."

Stanley Dancer, one of the premier driver-trainers, gives most of the credit for the fast times to the new sulkies "even *though I don't like them.*" *Dancer be-*lieves they are shaving times as much as two seconds for a given horse, but he wonders about their safety and whether they might be contributing to lameness. In some cases they clearly have produced spectacular results. The great gelding Savoir, now eight, was in a slump this year. So when Haughton's son Peter put a modified sulky on him at Meadowlands not long ago and he won, albeit in 2:01, eyebrows were lifted. Last week Savoir went in 1:58⅕, his best time since he was three. Says Peter Haughton, "It has just given him a whole new outlook on life. He was so lackadaisical. Now he's chargin' at horses." Another example is Boehm's Eagle, a decent enough horse that had been racing in 2:02 and worse. A modified sulky was attached, and Eagle found the world a cheerier place, dropping suddenly to 1:58.3 and winning good money.

With sulky designs almost certain to be improved still further, the idea of a 1:50 mile is suggested with a straight face. O'Brien agrees it is not unthinkable. Speed is showing at an earlier age, with some predicting that 2-year-olds soon will hold all the fast marks. And if they burn themselves up, well, they've had one great season, and their life on a breeding farm should be worthy compensation. Fred VanLennep, president of Castleton Industries, thinks the limit on faster times could turn out to be the horse's respiratory system. Already many are becoming allergic to dust.

Certainly tracks have not reached a speed limit; improvement continues. In its first 20 years of operation Detroit's Wolverine Raceway had one two-minute mile; this year the track was leveled and resurfaced, and now it is co-rated with The Red Mile as the fastest track in the country. The newly opened Meadowlands in New Jersey was fast to begin with, and faster still after $150,000 was spent to improve the surface.

O'Brien thinks breeding is the ultimate reason for the new speeds. But while breeding is getting more scientific, it is hard to understand how breeding could make such a dramatic difference in the course of a single year. One simple possibility is that by pure chance there happen to be a lot of awfully good trotters and pacers this year. Certainly artificial insemination has allowed more quality breeding, though the object increasingly seems to be speed to the detriment, some think, of endurance.

The drivers themselves figure in the speed outbreak, too. The game used to be to sit back, save your horse, get in position, then dash home from the top of the stretch. No more. Now the drivers tend to go close to all out all the way; the best ones make it. A one-minute half-mile used to draw raves. Now it takes at least a 55-second half. Peter Haughton says it was about a year ago that he started noticing this gambling, hell-bent driving style.

There was speed to burn at Lexington even when the oval was turned soft by rain for two important heat races—the Kentucky Futurity for trotters and the Tattersalls Stake Pace. The first heat of the Futurity was won by Soothsayer, a hard-luck colt driven by Delvin Miller, in 1:59⅖ on a track Miller pronounced three seconds slow. Steve Lobell, the winner of the Yonkers Futurity and The Hambletonian and driven by Billy Haughton, was second by inches and thus still very much in contention for trotting's Triple Crown.

Next trip Quick Pay, driven by Peter Haughton, won in a photo in 1:59 over Steve Lobell. The third heat was almost a carbon with Quick Pay winning in 1:59⅕, Steve Lobell second by a neck. Peter had won the $55,000 and knocked his old man out of the Triple Crown.

In the pace Keystone Ore once again demonstrated his considerable talent. Driven by Dancer, the winner of the recent Little Brown Jug left in a hurry and showed up back home in 1:55⅖, a miraculous time given the conditions. Dream Maker, although dead last by 14 lengths, was timed in 1:58⅕.

In the second heat Keystone Ore had another swift journey, winning in 1:56⅖, and again the entire field was easily under two minutes.

The cold, rainy weather at Lexington precluded what would have been an orgy of record-breaking in time trials. The fine pacer Oil Burner was on hand, for example, poised for an assault on Steady Star's fastest-ever record, but never got to try. And Miller's 4-year-old Songflori hung around all week hoping to beat the alltime trotting mark.

Since theorizing about speed obviously wasn't making the horses any swifter, Jade Prince's trainer and driver, Jack Kopas, was letting nature take its course: "I feed him hay, the best oats, rest him up, and see how fast he will go." END



BILLY HAUGHTON (INSIDE) HAD A SHOT AT THE TROTTING CROWN BUT SON PETER POPPED HIM

Gotham gazetteer: a guide for losers

IN THAT SECTION OF NEW YORK KNOWN AS NEW JERSEY, THE GIANTS CHRISTENED THEIR NEW STADIUM WITH WHAT HAS BECOME AN OLD CUSTOM, LOSING. WHILE IN QUEENS THE JETS ACTUALLY WON, MAKING THE TOWN'S RECORD 1–9

New Yorkers like to think they have access to the best and most and worst of everything, and quite often they do, whether it happens to be pasta or murders, music or shouting, architecture or cab wrecks, or even, as in the year 1976, the most of the worst in professional football.

Last Sunday the two New York teams came home after four weeks on the road with a combined record of 0 and 8. The New Yorker who owed no particular allegiance to either the Giants or the Jets but had the know-how to obtain a ticket to one of two stadiums was faced with a curious dilemma. Should he try to find the New Jersey swamp where the Giants had moved and watch what used to be the darlings of Manhattan lose to the Dallas Cowboys while christening their new home? Or should he perhaps go out to windy old Shea and watch what used to be the darlings of Queens play a game they might have a chance to win, inasmuch as the Jets were matched against the Buffalo Bills, a team that is every bit as inept and possibly as unhappy?

There were side benefits to each choice. By going across the Hudson River into dark and strange New Jersey to watch the gang that still claims New York as its nest—but has carefully replaced the familiar "NY" headgear logo with "Giants," in case anybody from Essex Fells or East Orange notices—the New Yorker could at least be treated to seeing what a solid club looks like, this being the Cowboys. And by going out to the Jet-Buffalo game the extra treat would be to visualize a couple of millionaires, Joe Namath and O. J. Simpson, combating the media. Earlier in the week both Namath and Simpson had sounded off about the same press that has helped make them wealthy. Such ironies are not new to sport, however.

In any event, something special was happening on both flanks of Manhattan last Sunday afternoon, and about 135,000 people went to the trouble to see it live. In Shea Stadium the fans got very little of Namath passing or Simpson running, and while it can hardly be said that they were served up a thriller of a game, at least they could leave the place with the memory of a win. The Jets outgroped the Bills 17–14 for their first victory of the season but, as any hard-core New Yorker knew, even the old Titans with Al Dorow throwing end-over-ends won occasionally.

At almost the very same moment that Pat Leahy was placekicking the winning field goal for the Jets, a group of astute Giant fans over in the new stadium in the Hackensack marshes was hoisting a homemade banner which said it all as far as New York's other team was concerned: BRAND NEW STADIUM—SAME OLD GIANTS.

By then it was obvious that the Cowboys were going to christen the premises with a relatively easy victory (the final score was 24–14) and leave the Giants, for the first time in their history, with an 0–5 record. If these Giants are not really as bad as some recent Giant teams, they are going to have a splendid experience

continued



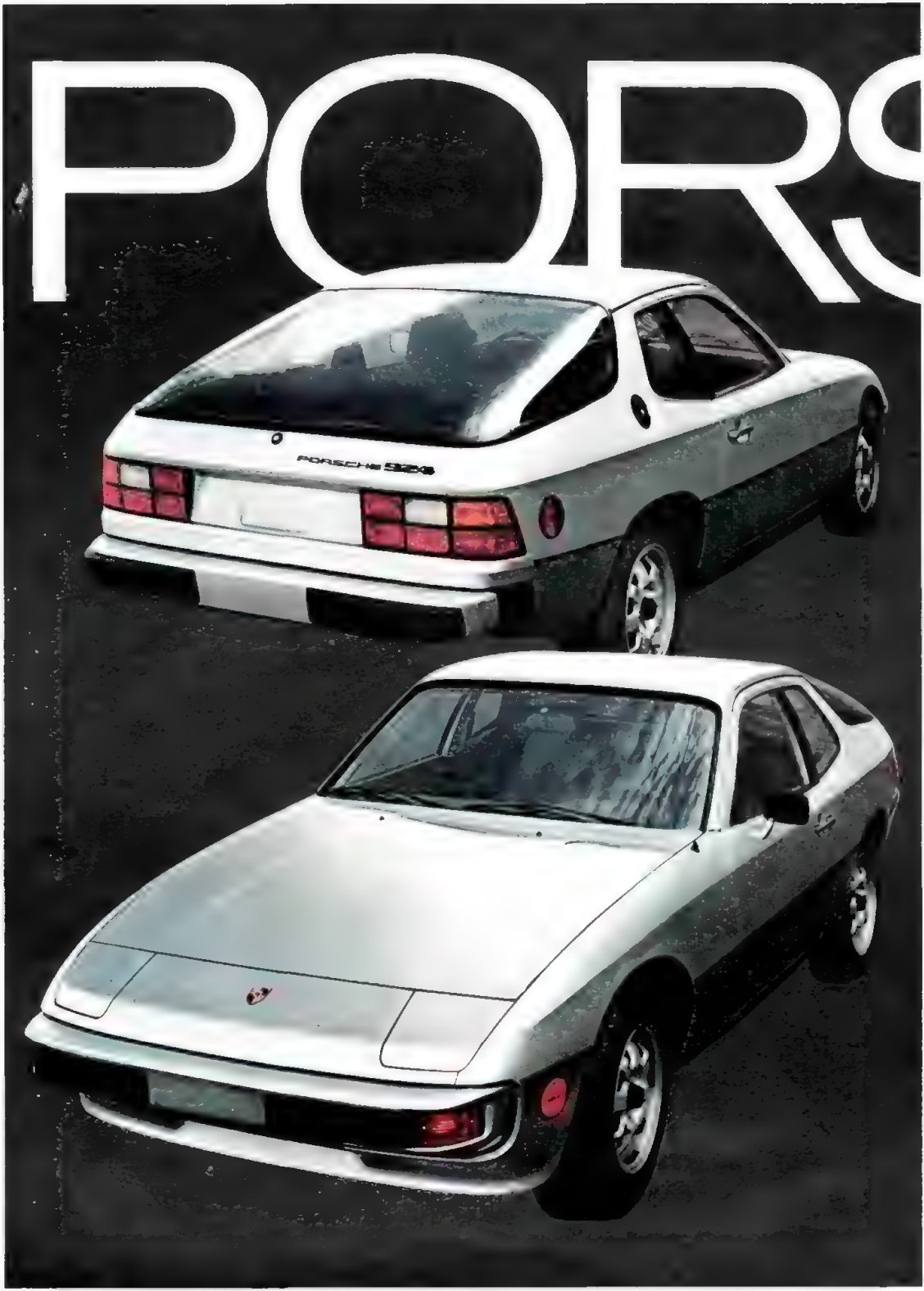
PURCHASED BY THE GIANTS FOR HALF OF WALL STREET, CSONKA HAS FOUND THE GOING TOUGH, EVEN MINUS THE BALL



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PORS
PORSCHE 924

SCHE CREATES A NEW PORSCHE

In 1949, Porsche created the first Porsche. A quarter of a century has passed. And the world has changed. These are new times, and they call for new solutions. So Porsche decided it was time to rethink the sportscar.

The result is the new Porsche 924.

One look at the new 924 will tell you how much things have changed. It doesn't look like any Porsche you've ever seen. Its clean, flowing lines not only please the eye, but have startling aerodynamic characteristics. Its wind tunnel tests registered an incredibly low 0.36 drag coefficient.

But the heart of any sportscar is, and always will be, its handling characteristics. And this is where the uniqueness of the new Porsche 924 really comes through. The engine and clutch are up front, but the transmission is in the rear, at the driving wheels.

Rather than a heavy drive shaft, with universal joints, there is a solid drive shaft in a torque tube connecting the front-mounted engine with the rear-mounted transmission. This forms a single, rigid unit, does away with universal joints, and allows for more direct power transfer.

The result is an almost perfect 50-50 weight distribution and a cornering ability that will leave you breathless. McPherson struts in front and a wishbone torsion bar suspension in the rear keep the body lean to a minimum in curves. Rack-and-pinion steering assures the driver of quick response to every command.

In today's world, "practicality" is the watchword, even for a sportscar. The new Porsche 924 meets that demand. The engine is an overhead cam design with a continuous fuel injection system. It's water cooled with a thermostatically controlled, electrically driven radiator fan. The design makes servicing easy and keeps repair costs to a minimum.

On the highway, EPA estimates 31 mpg (17 mpg in the city), with standard transmission. Of course, your actual mileage may vary, depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car, and optional equipment.

As unique as the new Porsche 924 is, there are many things it shares with all Porsches. It is built with the same meticulous attention to detail, the same commitment to visual and driving excitement that have always been the very meaning of the word "Porsche."

The new Porsche 924 is not inexpensive. But it is less than you'd expect to pay for a Porsche. And that is perhaps the most practical thing about it.

The new Porsche 924 makes a Porsche possible. For you.

THE 924

©



Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

trying to prove it, for, as everyone knows, they are in the NFL East, tough as divisions go, and overall their schedule looks to be a horror.

It had been suspected by the more optimistic Giant enthusiasts that moving into the new stadium would inspire the Craig Mortons and Larry Csonkas and John Medenhalls into the sort of mood that might produce a spectacular upset. After all, they would have more than 76,000 partisan throats to call on for emotional sustenance. Realists knew better, if only by reading the local newspapers, in which the Giant press corps had of late been forced to retreat to the team's punter, Dave Jennings, to find any sort of hero to write about.

The game itself was hardly more than one quarter old when the Cowboys proved they could do just about anything they wished. Roger Staubach and his legions of outstanding runners and receivers made nine straight first downs and 14 points the first two times they controlled the football. It was 17–0 at halftime, and most Giant fans probably settled back in their seats to dwell on what the stadium will be like in future years when the swamp isn't seeping through the floor of the service level and the players in the blue uniforms more closely resemble the old fellows that were introduced before the opening kickoff, the Giant champions of 1956. Conerly, Rote, Grier, Webster and that bunch.

It is a fine stadium the Giants have, a pure football parlor with comfortable seats, but in obtaining it the club lost a lot of hearts, no doubt some soul, and probably in the long run an identity with New York City and the glories of its past The loyal and faithful can argue all they want that Hackensack is as close to the womb of Giant love—midtown Manhattan's taverns—as Yankee Stadium was, but they cannot take it out of New Jersey. It would, in fact, be appropriate if the team one day became the New Jersey Giants, in name and logo, because, well, there is hardly anyone around these days who still refers to the Chicago Bears as the Decatur Staleys.

Actually, the Giants more than likely are no worse this season than the Jets, and this has been more or less true for the past few years. It could be argued that the Giants have tried harder than the Jets to do something about it. Getting Craig Morton, giving Csonka most of Wall Street, changing coaches, etc.

On the other hand, the Jets are still waiting for Namath to return to his Super Bowl form of eight years ago, almost as if the next Brut commercial will bring it about. It was not Namath who beat the Bills, incidentally, although he finally threw his first touchdown pass of the season, a two-yard lob to Tight End Mike Osborne. The pitiable effort on the part of the Bills was largely the difference. They fumbled a lot, and O.J. did not get the ball often, and the entire second half was mostly a question of which backup quarterback, the Jets' Richard Todd or Buffalo's Gary Marangi, could hold his team back more consistently.

They blew the proper buildup for the game. A shrewd Madison Avenue type would have labeled it the Millionaires vs the Media. Earlier in the week it was being written that Namath's passing skills had deteriorated. This has been true for quite a while, of course, but nobody around New York wanted to admit it, Namath being one of the few sports celebs the city has to brag about. But, alas, it leaked. The fact that Joe had not thrown a touchdown pass in four games, and the Jets were 0 and 4, was too much to overlook.

"Am I doing anything differently?" Namath said testily to a writer. "Am I missing any reads? Look at the films. It's the media. I'm sick and tired of it."

It was not known whether several members of the media stepped forward to volunteer to take the blame for Namath's poor throwing statistics. Perhaps many of them should have, having already received from him over the years the rewards they cherished most: any number of friendly hellos, up to three or four a season.

Curiously enough, the normally amiable O.J. was having something of the same kind of trouble up in Buffalo. A newspaper chap had written that Simpson wasn't rushing so terrifically and that his home life was closer to Mary Hartman's than the little house on the prairie.

O.J. countered by attacking through radio interviews. He accused the writer of telling lies. He wrote a letter and had his lawyer write a letter, and the saga continued, and it was all very messy and isn't over yet.

Nothing can be proved by any of this, naturally, except something that mature people already know: stars vs. the media is a standoff. The press will always have the last word, but the stars will console themselves with swimming pools and sports cars.



FOR NAMATH SUB TODD A WIN MEANT A GRIN

Where all of this leaves New Yorkers is difficult to say. Right now, in all likelihood, most of them are laughing at the state of their pro football teams, for New Yorkers learned long ago, way before anyone else, that you have to laugh and stay nimble to survive.

New York humor is like this, two guys are in a saloon, a Giant fan and a Jet fan, and they are arguing about who could have had the better team if the clubs had drafted properly. The Giant fan has come up with such names as Ken Anderson, Lydell Mitchell, Lynn Swann, Nat Moore, Jack Youngblood, Mel Blount and Jake Scott, among others, and the Jet fan has come up with Ken Stabler, Franco Harris, Terry Metcalf, Cliff Branch, Jack Ham, Bill Bergey and Elvin Bethea, among others, and they have declared it a standoff, and they have bought each other a round of drinks, and the Jet guy has said, "Here's to Rocky Thompson," and the Giant guy has said, "Yeah, well, here's to Al Woodall then." END

The Americans get spiked

"FRIENDSHIP FIRST, COMPETITION SECOND" WAS THE CHINESE SLOGAN FOR A U.S. TOUR. THAT'S THE WAY IT WENT FOR THE HOME TEAMS—A VERY POOR SECOND

Beloved in Poland, Cuba, Japan, the U.S.S.R. and a dozen other countries large and small, volleyball is pretty much a neglected foster child in America, the land of its birth. The game was invented in 1895 by William G. Morgan, physical director of the Holyoke, Mass., YMCA, where for years the only commemoration of the fact was a moldy plaque over the water fountain in the gym. Spalding turned out the first volleyball in 1900, yet today America's official ball is made in Japan.

Volleyball became an Olympic sport in 1964 in Tokyo, where volleyball is almost as popular as raw fish. That year the U.S. teams were embarrassed to finish far down the list, as if, instead of their own native game, they were playing field hockey against Pakistanis. Much the same thing happened four years later in Mexico City, and in the last two Olympiads neither U.S. team could even qualify.

Last week the sad story continued. Men's and women's teams from the People's Republic of China were touring the U.S. Their slogan was "*Yu-i-Ti-i, Pi-sai-Ti-erh*," which their translators said means, "Friendship first, then spike the ball down their throats."



CHINA'S BIG FIRECRACKER WAS LI CHIEN-HSIN, WHO EXPLODED AGAINST THE U.S

The Chinese warmed up by smashing lesser American teams in Dayton and Fairfax, Va.; then last Saturday night in Pasadena, Texas, a suburb of Houston, they went against the best amateurs America could offer. Playing three-game matches, the Chinese women won 15–7, 15–4, 15–11. The Chinese men won 7–15, 15–6, 15–10.

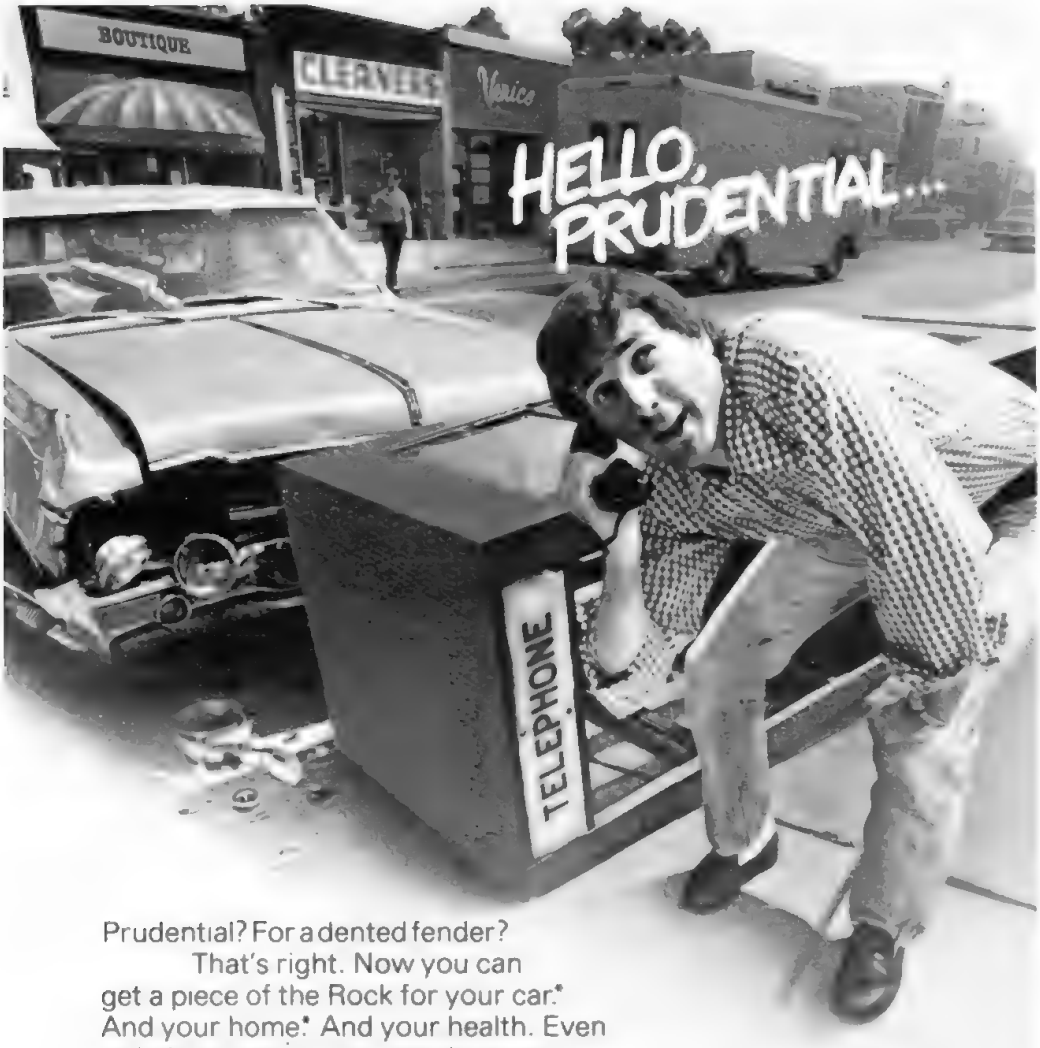
The Chinese tour, which continues this week with matches in El Paso, Berkeley, Calif. and Honolulu, is the latest round of the Ping-Pong diplomacy that started with the U.S. table-tennis team's much-publicized visit to China in April of 1971. Since then there have been seven sporting trips across the Pacific in one direction or the other. China's table-tennis team visited the U.S. in '72, their gymnasts in '73, their experts in martial arts in '74 and their women's basketball team last November.

The current trip by the Chinese was made despite the death Sept. 9 of Chairman Mao Tse-tung and the month of official mourning, which did not end until last Friday. Because of the mourning period, the tour's co-sponsors, the U.S. Volleyball Association and the National Committee on U.S.-China Relations, eliminated parties, banquets and fetes. Still, the athletes did not give up eating ice cream, which they dearly love. Accompanied by special security personnel, they went almost everywhere as a group, their friendly smiles contrasting sharply with their drab, dark-gray uniforms and topcoats.

Although they continually stressed the "friendship first, competition second" credo, the Chinese were anything but dialectic-spouting Red Guards or grim automatons. At their Friday-afternoon workout at a Pasadena junior college, the men laughed and capered like schoolboys as they threw balls at each other in an agility drill. No one minded when some translators and members of the U.S.-China committee started an impromptu game on an adjacent court. Several of the leaders of the Chinese delegation loosened the mandarin collars on their tunics and joined in.

In Dayton Monday night an inexperienced group of U.S. women, the East All Stars, were overmatched against the Chinese women, a strapping bunch

continued



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who seemed to be huskier than the Chinese men (all were 5′ 7″ or taller). The Americans were mostly college students and four of them were still in their teens. Many had never *seen* an international match, much less played in one, and they were wiped out 15–1, 15–5, 15–5.

The Midwest All Stars, mostly inexperienced college men from Ohio State, Ball State and Kellogg (a junior college in Battle Creek, Mich.), had one veteran among them, Doug Beal, 29, a good setter who has played on numerous U.S. national teams. The Chinese men won almost as one-sidedly as the women.

Thursday night it was much the same in a big high-school gymnasium in woodsy Fairfax, Va., outside Washington. The same U.S. women lost by a bigger margin, and the same men's team managed to win the first game 17–15 before losing the next two, 15–9, 15–9.

The Chinese, who have wisely borrowed strategy and technique from the Japanese, used all sorts of tricky maneuvers. It used to be that the middle man in the front row would set the ball high to one side or the other for a spiker. The quick but small Japanese invented various plays in which the setter would sometimes gently push the ball just above the net in the middle, where an alternate hitter was already at the top of his leap waiting to strike. The idea, which has been picked up by teams all over the world but rarely timed and executed in the Japanese manner, is to confuse the blockers and get a one-on-one hitting situation or maybe even one-on-none instead of the normal one-hitter trying to go over, around or through two blockers. The Chinese—tall, powerful and quick enough to use either style—worked the quick-set plays very well, and the most important defense man, the center blocker, didn't know where to turn or hide, like a man being attacked by three swooping falcons at once.

The Dayton and Fairfax warmups over, the tour moved on to Pasadena, where the competition figured to be stiffer. Pasadena is the training site for the U.S. women's team, coached by Israeli Arie Selinger. And brought in from California for the men's team was a group of college and ex-college stars thought to be the nucleus of America's 1980 Olympic team, the very same fellows who beat the Suntory team of Japan in September.

With possibly two exceptions, however, the U.S. women did not belong on the same floor with the Chinese. Patty Dowdell, 21, 6′ 1″, a chemistry major at the University of Houston, spiked with power and accuracy, even from 10 feet behind the net, and Janet Baier, a six-foot Missourian, made some marvelous diving digs. But nobody else could compare with the Chinese, who were led by a textile worker from Hangchow, Ch'en Chao-ti.

"They're good, period," said Selinger. "That's all there is to it. When they start moving, the only way you can beat them is to play quietly and put them to sleep."

He complained about the fact that 6′ 5″ Flo Hyman, on a volleyball scholarship at the nearby University of Houston, is not allowed to compete with the national team.

"It's a lousy decision," said Selinger. "Dowdell was the only one who could put the ball down. With Hyman in there, too, we could compete against China. Maybe not win, but compete."

The U.S. men's hopes rested largely on the superb hitting of 6′ 5″ Paul Sunderland, an ex-basketball player for Oregon and Loyola-Marymount, and the center blocking of John Zabriskie and Ted Dodd, both of whom had blocked beautifully against the strong Suntory team.

Dodd had not planned to participate. He did not want to take time off from his job as a waiter at a Malibu restaurant, and he was annoyed that during the training for the Suntory match the players had to pay all their own expenses except for a postmatch victory dinner. Coach Marv Dunphy persuaded him to travel to Texas by a method quite appropriate considering where the opposing team was from—he was shanghaied.

Dunphy, also head coach at Pepperdine University, where Dodd was an All-America, got Dodd's parents and boss to approve his plan, then went with a girl friend and two players to the restaurant Friday night. Using a pair of riot handcuffs borrowed from a sheriff's deputy, they "arrested" Dodd and hauled him away to the decking outside his Malibu apartment, where his ankle was manacled to a railing for the night and a mattress provided for his comfort. Saturday morning he was taken to the airport in handcuffs like a criminal being extradited.

The first game went well, with Sunderland spiking strongly and Gerald Gregory and Mike Cram making some good digs and UCLA's Dave Olbright setting nicely. The U.S. won 15–7 and it looked fairly easy. But as the match wore on, China started blocking more and more of the U.S. spikes and America's vital center blocking fell apart. The U.S. lost the last two games, giving China 16 wins in 18 games on the tour's first week.

Not so terrible, really, considering that the Olympics are four years away, but it was another in a long line of U.S. setbacks in international competition.

There are, however, faint signs that volleyball might not be a mistreated foster child too much longer. The pro league, the International Volleyball Association, is hanging on by its fingernails and probably will not survive another season, but college volleyball, especially in California, is growing stronger and more popular each year.

For international competition, and especially the Olympics, the USVBA has launched four-year plans for both the men and women, plans that include full-time coaches and permanent training sites. The women will probably continue to train in Pasadena, where the city of slightly more than 100,000 population comes up with about $40,000 a year by way of contributions from individuals and businesses and from gate receipts. Jobs and free apartments are also provided. The men's training center will be in Dayton, a site that has not enthralled California players. That state has provided the overwhelming majority of talent in the past. Much depends on the coach the USVBA picks. A Pole, a Korean and at least three Americans have already applied.

"Yes, Dayton is a long way from California, a long way from the experience," said one of the applicants, Mick Haley, at present the head coach at Kellogg Community College. "But talent is everywhere. We need to go after the best athletes, not just volleyball players. We need to train quality athletes. We can't do any worse."

His thoughts were echoed by Beal, the veteran setter, who used to coach Ohio State: "We were in the top 10 in the world with a haphazard program, so with Dayton we could be great."

William G. Morgan, wherever he rests these days, would like that. END

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The horse selected for this year's drawing has impeccable credentials. He is Little Radames #059404, a seven-year-old gelding who, in addition to being a Legion of Merit winner, has won Top Ten Canadian championship honors three times and is a 1976 Top Ten United States champion. He's by Al-Marah Radames out of Assama Miras and was purchased from the Alstad Arabian Farm of Miami, Florida.

The winner will be announced on November 7, 1976, at the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden, New York, following a random drawing. It is not necessary to be present to win. Free entry blanks are available at the Show, which will be held November 2-7, or send stamped, self-addressed envelope (4" x 9½") to: COURVOISIER Horse Contest, 1212 Ave. of the Americas, 17th fl., New York, N.Y. 10036, and an entry blank will be sent to you. Mail entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, November 2, 1976, and decision of the judges is final.

1971 winner Mr. Michael R. Fanning, Washington, D.C.
1972 winner Miss Susan Stegmeyer, Syosset, New York
1973 winner Miss Jane Washer, Norwich, New York
1974 winner Mr. and Mrs. John Clarke, Waldwick, New Jersey
1975 winner Mr. Raymond Matarazzo, East Norwich, L.I., New York

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It's time for bright plumage

THE STUFF THAT KEEPS GEESE WARM IS HIGH FASHION—AND GOOD SENSE

This season, down is up—high on everyone's list of fine cold-weather buys, whether they be freestyle skiers like the ones on these pages photographed at Stowe and Stratton, Vt. or city dwellers, schoolchildren, backpackers or bush pilots in the Far North. It is time to feather up with duck and goose down. You name it: comforters, sleeping bags, parkas, trousers, shirts, sweaters, coats, underwear, hats, mittens, jump suits, even booties.

Americans are finding down clothing as fascinating as blue jeans. Eddie Bauer of Seattle, one of the largest suppliers in the U.S., reports that most down clothing now goes to city buyers. The fad began, as most have, among high school and college students. They were the first to regard down as "honest clothing." It has no frills, needs no fuss and does what it is supposed to do.

Mountain climbers realized long ago

continued



If the object is merely to disguise, there is always the colorful, prickly Peruvian mask, which has been around for years. But now you can keep your face unscratched and cozy while still being a mystery man. This bird wears Eddie Bauer's down mask ($17).



Clad in Evel Knievel glitter and flashing her own brand of showmanship, Penelope Street swings through practice routines before a Stratton freestyle event. Her shining breastplate is made of metallic-coated nylon and is down-filled for warmth ($46). It matches a star-studded jump suit ($150) from Profile.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENRICO FERORELLI

Skiers need stretch material in their outfits, and this year they can have stretch and down, too. The parkas at right ($95), which were designed by Wini Jones of Roffe, provide stretch on the inside (special panels in the center of the back) and stretch on the outside (the colorful inserts on shoulders)

Staying warm between races is ever a problem. Suzy Chaffee learned that first as an amateur. Here she maintains a rosy glow, wearing a nylon down jacket from Head ($155) over her competition suit. The elasticized waist cinches the jacket close to the body, and a shirttail adds welcome warmth





Stratton's mascot gives a bear hug to honey-haired Robin Ridenour. She is suited up in a water-repellent down parka and matching overalls made of polished cotton from Austria. The outfit, priced at $210, is by The Line. The bear has down on his chest, too





Former Olympic downhiller Susie Corrock Zoberski, who won the bronze medal at Sapporo but is now on the freestyle trail, sports a Vener denim windshirt ($50) that is down-filled and silicone-treated for water-repellency. She tops off her outfit with an Eddie Bauer mouton-and-down arctic cap ($21).



Waiting for the ballet to begin at the $80,000 Colgate Women's Championship in Stowe, competitor Pat Doudna makes novel use of Eddie Bauer's down bathrobe ($75), while her rival Wendy von Allmen ducks the wind (70 mph that day) and 40 -below temperatures in a hip-length White Stag parka ($50).



Barry Bryant (left) and Skeeter Zoberski. Susie's husband, have traded in their bulky sheepskin coats for lightweight Western-style gear from Gerry. The new designs are of cotton-and-polyurethane suede and have nylon inside. Bryant wears a parka ($60), and Zoberski stays snug in a vest ($42.50).

that down is the perfect insulator, ounce for ounce the lightest and warmest covering in the world. Given proper care, it will last a lifetime, or at least as long as the fabric that contains it. Wesley Harris, president of Eddie Bauer, says, "Every garment we sell is guaranteed for life; we're proud of that. We have stringent requirements that are met in each down article we manufacture. We have confidence in our quality."

Down works in much the same way on the consumer as it does on the bird. A duck or goose ruffles its feathers when it is cold, increasing the area of plumage; thus air is trapped and the loss of body heat is minimized. The thickness of a down parka produces a similar air cushion. It is not the weight or volume of down but the amount of air trapped that creates the insulation—the "loft"—and is the key to warmth.

Feathers have a shaft, or quill. Down does not; it is held together by a tiny pod and is soft and fluffy. The greater the loft, the warmer one will be. Down also absorbs body moisture and dispels it. It can be compressed into a small space and then recover its loft quickly.

Not many years ago anyone who wore a puffy down parka looked like Orson Welles. There still are hefty, bulky parkas for severe weather, but there also are svelte windshirts for milder days.

For years skiwear manufacturers included one or two down jackets in their lines. Today, for many, it is a major portion of their business. "Down is the fashion mood of the country," says Monika Tilley of Profile in West Lebanon, N. H. "The nation has discovered honest clothing, which originated with catalog retailers such as L. L. Bean."

There are problems in working with down. "It takes infinitely more time to tailor and requires hand-stitching and skilled labor," says Tilley. "Designing is a challenge. How do you keep clothing from looking enormous and yet give it the necessary loft?"

Dale Johnson of Frostline Kits quite literally built his business from the basement up. Ten years ago he began putting together kits in his home for anyone who wanted to sew his own down equipment, and thereby save 30% to 50%. "Once I figured out how I could premeasure and prepackage down, I was on my way," Johnson says. He has expanded his line of kits, and a catalog is available from Dept. SIE 16, Broomfield, Colo. You sew the precut garment together and slip each down packet into its proper slot. High schools are among Johnson's best customers: students—both boys and girls—are being taught how to make down gear in survival courses and home economics classes. Johnson provides the do-it-yourself enthusiast with a sense of accomplishment—and himself with $9 million a year in sales.

Members of the Feather and Down Association in New York buy and sell 20



Chris Curtis hangs tough in Bauer jump suit.

million pounds of feathers (which yield 6.5 million pounds of down) annually. Says Executive Director Ellen Stark, "When a label reads 'Northern Goose Down' or 'European Goose Down,' it means only that the garment contains down from the northern hemisphere."

Ducks and geese are killed primarily for food, not plumage; down is a by-product. Mainland China is one of the largest producers. France and Taiwan are also exporters. Poland produces a small quantity of the finest quality.

Government standards require any garment labeled "down" to be at least 80% that (it is impossible to separate every feather from the down). The outdoor-equipment industry has adopted a higher standard—85% down and 15% feathers. The Federal Trade Commission tests down content for cleanliness and accuracy of labeling. The Feather and Down Association also spot-checks garments. Armed with a pair of tweezers, association employees separate the feathers from the down, one by one.

In cleaning any down product, the directions on the label should be followed carefully. The recommended cleaning technique is determined by the outer fabric, not by the down filling. "Any well-made garment can be washed gently, as one would wash hosiery," Dale Johnson says. "Hand-washing is preferable, but a gentle cycle in a washing machine can be used as well. Choose a mild detergent, never an agent with enzymes. Enzymes eat dirt and also down." Downwear is said to improve with laundering. It may take two or three cycles, at moderate temperature, to thoroughly machine-dry a garment. If a clean tennis shoe is also placed in the dryer, it helps put loft back into the down. In fact, clothing dried in a machine will regain lost loft. If down must be dry-cleaned, insist that the cleaner use a fresh solvent. Dirty solvents tend to cling to the down, as will soap if the garment is not thoroughly rinsed.

Persons buying down clothing should remember to check the seams. The stitches should be small and neat, not broken or uneven. The quilted areas of a parka should be filled equally and sealed well so the down will not bunch in the corners or at the bottom. The fabric should be tightly woven in order to hold in the down, and the surface should never leak. If the fabric surface looks fuzzy, don't buy. The amount of loft or thickness will tell you how much warmth the garment will provide.

An enduring design goes back to 1932. At that time Eddie Bauer was making down-filled sleeping bags for pilots in Alaska. One day a pilot said, "Eddie, these are great, but we hate to have to cut the feet out of them so we can work the pedals. Why can't you make us a jacket that would do the job?" Bauer did, and patented the design the same year, calling the jacket the Skyliner. It is in the fall catalog for 1976, on page 38. END

Long day's journey into night

SUN UP AND SUN DOWN, THE 100-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP WALK WAS AGONIZING

Around noon, with the race still an hour away, the walkers began to arrive at the red crushed-shale track of Hickman High School in Columbia, Mo. They carried blankets and extra clothing: sweatsuits, hats, shoes. Some brought oilskin ponchos because rain had been forecast. Before getting into their socks and track shoes, sneakers or Hush Puppies, they rubbed Vaseline between their toes to prevent chafing and put moleskin on areas likely to get sore or blistered. Some taped the gap between shoe rim and sock or slipped on spats cut from old stockings to keep the small sharp shale pebbles out of their shoes.

Wives and children, the only spectators on hand, set up a couple of tents and a table to serve as a feeding station. They produced sandwiches, honey, coffee, unfizzed Coke and special energy drinks like BP (not a fuel, but Body Punch) and E.R.G. (Electrolyte Replacement Glucose, a "Gookinaid"). Six judges sat down under a canopy, ready to record and announce everybody's quarter-mile splits.

There were only 30 walkers at the start on that last Saturday in September (as compared to 2,180 runners in this year's Boston Marathon), and only a few of them could realistically expect to finish the race, for this was no weekend stroll. The distance was 100 miles, a staggering 400 laps around the track, to be completed within 24 hours. The contestants would have to walk at least at a 14-minutes-per-mile pace, which would allow 40 minutes for "pit stops" in the restrooms at the top of the stands, clothing changes in the cold of the night and perhaps a brief nap in a tent.

This was the 10th National 100-Mile Walking Championship, which is billed as the toughest track event in the U.S.—Race Director Joe Duncan calls it "the ultimate madness." Columbia was a fitting site. Besides being the home of the giant killer football team of the University of Missouri, it is a sanctuary for some 20 serious race walkers. Larry Young, twice an Olympic medal winner, lives there; so does Augie Hirt, who ranks second to Young in the 50 kilometers and works as an accountant for a CPA. Hirt returned from the 50 km. World Championship in Sweden, where he finished 27th, just in time to enter this year's 100.

It was another Columbia resident, Bill Clark, who conceived the 100-mile championship in 1966. He had been inspired by the Centurion Club of Great Britain and its 100-mile walks that had been going on since the turn of the century and by the feats of three American amateur walkers who in 1878 completed a 100-miler within 24 hours on an indoor track in New York—the country's first centurions. But when Clark sent out invitations in 1966, nobody came.

In the fall of 1967, however, five competitors did show up, and off they went. After 64½ miles, 60-year-old Larry O'Neil was the only survivor and on his way to what still stands as the record—19:24:34—churning along at an incredible 11:40 pace. Only Larry Young has gone faster, but his record of 18:07:12 was set indoors in 1971 when the Hickman track was flooded by rain.

O'Neil, now 69, revered as the dean of the event, was back for his ninth try after having completed four of the previous eight. A trim, bright-eyed man, he trains eight miles a day in the mountains near his lumber business in Kalispell, Mont., wearing shorts whether it shines or snows. He will don a sweatsuit only when the temperature drops below zero. "I was very happy when I finished my first race," he said, "even though my feet were covered with a bloody scab from the crushed shale on the track and all my toenails had fallen off."

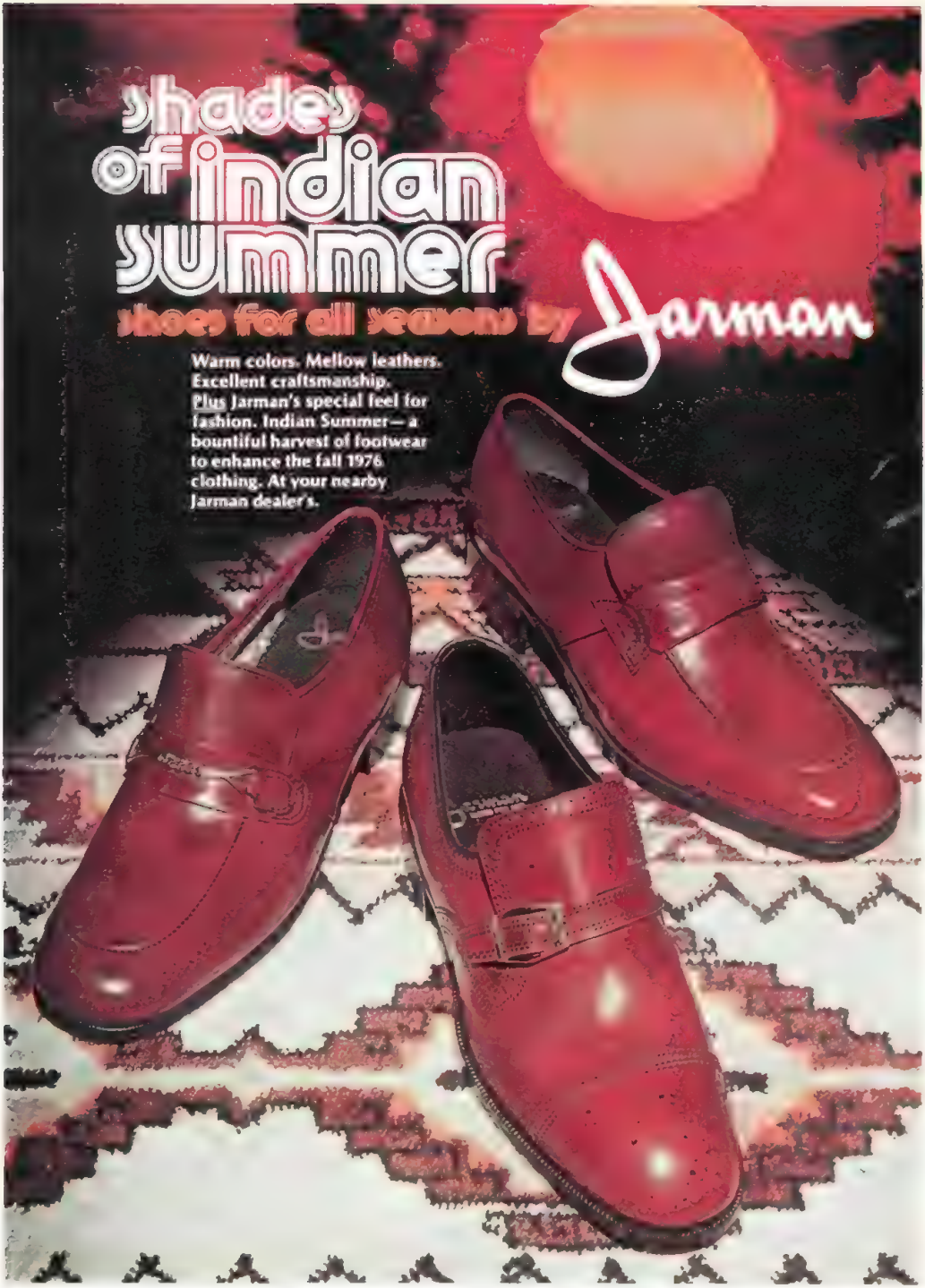


WIFE ON HIS LEFT, NURSE ON HIS RIGHT, WINNER HIRT HURTS

John Argo, a little 62-year-old timber feller from Mattawa, Ontario, a town of 2,600, was also back. He had entered the Columbia walk in 1970 and 1973 and the British one in 1971 and finished all three. He is also renowned for having paddled Canada's three-day, 122-mile canoe race from Ville Marie to North Bay six times and for winning the snowshoe competition at the North Bay Winter Carnival nine years in a row. In 1970 he traveled 43 miles on snowshoes to the Winter Carnival because its organizers, who viewed him as a special attraction, had promised to pay his way to the Columbia walk if he made it.

The pre-race favorite was Chuck Hunter, the defending champion, a 39-year-old air traffic controller from Longmont, Colo. He had entered three previous races and gone the distance each time. Built like a football player, he is often asked wheth-

continued


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er his size—6′, 180 pounds—is not a handicap. "It's just like a Clydesdale horse against a quarter horse," he likes to answer. "You get more work out of the former, but in shorter distances it is an advantage to be the latter." The work Hunter does stomping along the hilly roads near his home amounts to 5,000 miles a year.

Another of the old regulars was Chris Clegg, a 59-year-old security doorman for a Los Angeles department store and still very much an Englishman though he became a U.S. citizen 22 years ago. He had walked 100-milers in England, at Columbia and in Australia. Others in the field included an executive of Hallmark Cards in Kansas City, a professor of anthropology at the University of Missouri and his colleague, a professor of political science, a vegetarian from Springfield, Mass. who is notorious for a fast shuffle that fills other walkers' shoes with pebbles, and a prisoner from the Fordland Honor Camp—Albert Van Dyke—who is serving a sentence for second-degree murder. Van Dyke arrived with a broken jaw. "Showed off doing calisthenics," he said.

To keep youngsters out of the race—in the past they would start it as a lark—the age limit is 19, but the most serious competitors are to be found in the over-40 bracket. "At that age," explained the anthropology professor, Rob Spier, "man should be mature enough to handle boredom. The older competitors in this race seem better disciplined than the younger ones." Augie Hirt, who is only 25, said, "This race is not important to us. We are race walkers, not survivors." Three years ago Hirt entered the race, and after 57 miles he had to be carried off the track. Last year he completed 62¼ miles (100 kilometers). This year he said, "I wish I could finish it once, so that I would never have to try it again." How do they manage to pass the time? Humming a song, perhaps, but mainly counting laps, keeping track of their splits. "After a while," said one walker, "the mind can't handle more than that anyway."

The race was a jaunty affair as long as daylight lasted. The walkers chatted; one listened to the Missouri-Ohio State game on a transistor radio. Enjoying his brief freedom, Van Dyke led the first mile in 9:48, then Hunter took over. His first 25 miles were the fastest ever recorded on the track—4:26:13. But Hirt, who had set out at an 11-minute pace and had

continued



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kept an eye on Hunter, caught him after 48 miles.

By that time the race was becoming a nightmare. Heavy showers had made the inside lane a muddy river and the backstretch a lake district. The walkers were forced to weave around the deeper puddles, covering added distance each lap. On the dimly lit track Hunter and Hirt battled for the lead, and Hunter sprinted to a personal best for 50 miles. But eventually the quarter horse pulled away from the Clydesdale.

In the early-morning hours Hirt lapped Hunter with 20 miles to go, and Hunter told him, "These are going to be the hardest 20 miles of your life."

"They were," said Hirt later. Soon he had to shorten his stride because of a twinge in his left hamstring. "At one point," he said, "my body was hurting in six places. It was trying to convince my head that I should stop."

The rain had claimed its victims. O'Neil developed a blister on his left foot and had to retire after 64½ miles, 13½ hours. Clegg, the security man, stopped to rest after 75 miles and got so chilled in his wet clothes that he was unable to start again. When dawn finally came, gray and unfriendly, only seven of the 30 starters were still going for the 100-mile mark.

Hirt, now leading the vigorous Hunter by a mile, resembled a suffering Biblical figure. His eyes were half closed, his feet dragging. His wife Joan walked with him for a few laps, but he could not talk. Leonard Busen, a St. Louis newspaperman, was in third place, and next behind him was Jack Blackburn, a 40-year-old counselor at a drug-control center in Springfield, Ohio, a newcomer to the event. Blackburn had tried out for four Olympics—without success. "I think today I'm going to make the team," he said, walking on like an arthritic old man.

Hirt won in 19:55:16, beating Hunter by 10½ minutes but missing O'Neil's record by half an hour. "I don't believe I did it," he mumbled, sinking onto a bench. When Joan and a nurse led him away, he began to cry softly. Each of the seven still walking at dawn finished the 100 miles in the allotted 24 hours.

"You feel like a baby," said Blackburn after he crossed the line. "You ache so much that you have to show it. You just can't be manly."

Two days later Augie Hirt was feeling much better. In fact, he was able to walk again. END

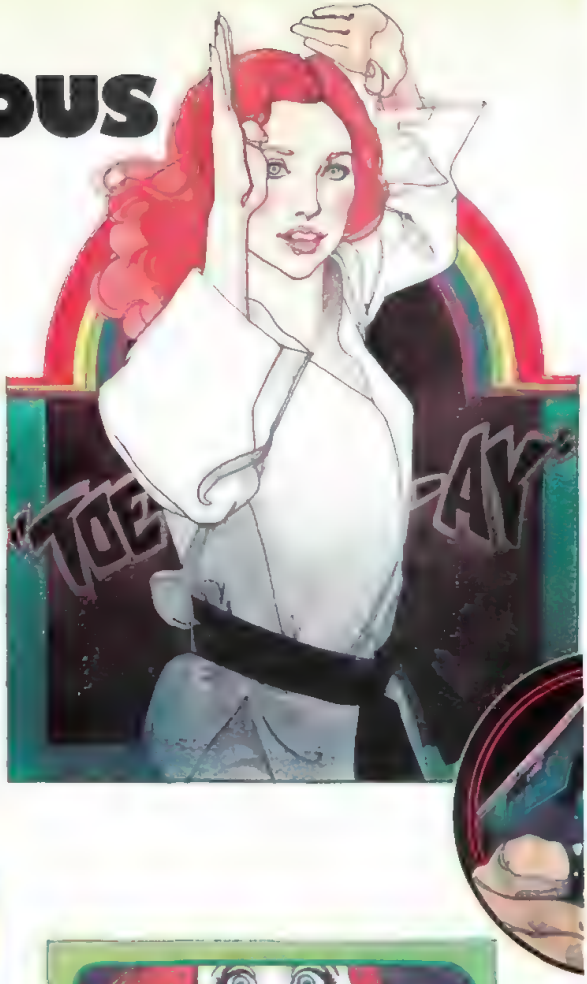
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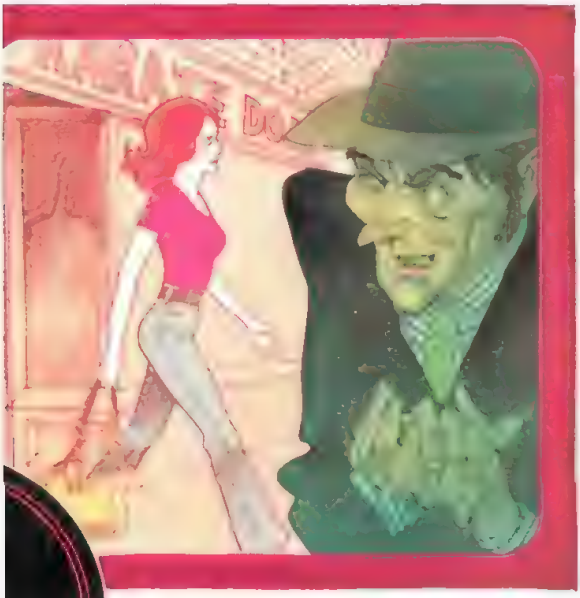


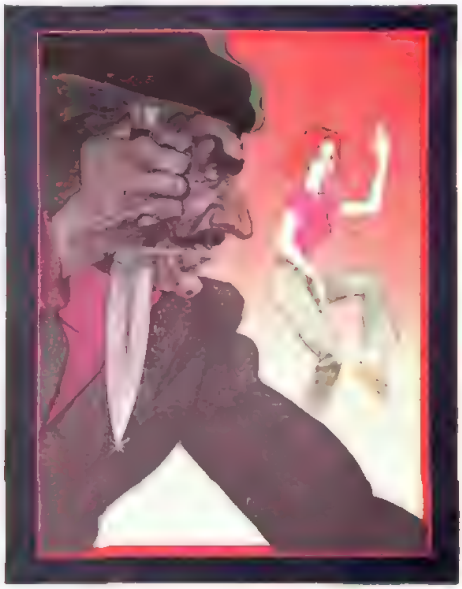


DELUSION

True exponents of karate and the other martial arts fear that students of quickie courses are fantasizing invincibility—but are headed for bruising nightmares

by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON







CONTINUED



Post Office Box 81 in Center Rutland, Vt. is a mail drop for some people who have the solution to one of America's pressing problems. If you write to them at that address—and, of course, include the modest amount of cash they solicit—they will send you "the final answer to violence in the streets."

The answer is aicondo. So, at least, says their ad in a recent issue of a magazine called *The Deadly Hands of Kung Fu*, which goes on to explain that aicondo is "distilled from ancient fighting arts"—judo, karate, aikido and kung-fu.

The ad is further adorned with a cartoon that shows a shrieking, almond-eyed killer shoving his knuckles right out of the page and into your teeth while with the other hand he delivers a karate chop to a balding, grimacing villain. A big headline says, BECOME A REGISTERED BLACK BELT. THE DEADLIEST MEN ALIVE ARE AICONDO MEN. To become an aicondo man, all you have to do is master the easy, simple lessons in a booklet "packed with action photos! Sold nationally at $9.95. Now only $6.95." You may then join the Aicondo Martial Arts Federation, with the rank of First Degree Black Belt.

Who would have guessed that all this secret Oriental knowledge would be so easily available in the little village of Center Rutland (population 500), which not only doesn't have much violence but very few streets? For that matter, who would have expected to find the generally cheerful Mr. Universe, Arnold Schwarzenegger, glowering out of a four-color ad in a magazine called *Inside Kung Fu*, with a three-piece Okinawan weapon called a *nunchaku* bent around his Olympian right arm? Read on and you find that Arnold promises to "increase by five times the knockout power of your punches and kicks—in just a few short weeks!"

These come-ons are only examples—and not the most outrageous ones, at that—of invitations issued monthly in a whole substratum of magazines devoted to the martial arts, ranging from *Deadly Hands* to the semiserious *Black Belt*, to *Official Karate*, *Karate Illustrated*, *Self Defense*, etc.

If the interest in martial arts were only a fad appealing to adolescents, like Fonz worship or candy pants, it would hardly be worth examining. But it is much more—and sometimes much less—than that. A glance at the Yellow Pages in any metropolitan telephone directory will indicate the extent of its proliferation. Greater Los Angeles alone has nearly 400 dojos (training halls) offering instruction in the five principal Asian martial arts (or one of their seemingly infinite variants) to flabby congressmen, anxious executives, nervous housewives, militants, and even children of kindergarten age. It is not the voice of the turtle that is heard in the land, but the sharp cry of "*Hai karate!*"

The origins of America's fascination with the Oriental systems of "empty hand" combat can be dated to the end of the Korean war, when a few veterans of Far Eastern military service returned to boast of skills that made boxing look both ineffective and uncouth. What the martial arts were said to offer was a quick way to become impregnable on defense and devastating on counterattack. They were easy to learn by just mastering a few tricks—and they armed you against any imaginable situation. Knifers would wilt, gunmen would fall, mobs would be dissipated as if by magic. You not only wouldn't get killed, you ran little chance of even getting your hair mussed.

Despite these attractions, the defense cult didn't become an industry until the '60s, when muggers and riots became facts of life. Then panic set in, and it has yet to run its course. Today the practice of Japanese karate and aikido, Korean tae kwon do, and Chinese kung-fu is being promoted as a spectator sport as well, with "full-contact to knockout" tournaments. Such events have drawn well in New York, Atlanta, Dallas, Los Angeles and Honolulu—but there also have been mixed-style exhibitions that have shaken the faith of a lot of true believers in the efficacy of the fabled chop and the soaring kick.

In Honolulu last year, Everett (Monster Man) Eddy, billed as the "world free-form martial arts champion," was knocked stiff in the second round by a Hawaiian street fighter named Victor Rapoza. This embarrassment was compounded in another tournament a month later when Teddy Limoz, a Honolulu preliminaries boxer, kayoed Ken Bell, heralded as the holder of 12 black belts in as many disciplines, in the first round of their match. Later that same night the crowd of 7,000 jammed into Blaisdell Arena saw Limoz come back to decision Joe Lewis, who is "recognized" as "the world heavyweight karate champion," in three rounds. Limoz relied on such martial, if not arty, devices as the right cross, the left jab and the roundhouse punch. Although these two victories netted Limoz less than $5,000, he reportedly said, "I can't kick," a fact clearly evident in both matches.

These disasters and others like them have provoked a number of questions: Has the public been gulled for 20-odd years? Is aikido pidgin English for "I kid you"? Is even good old judo suspect? If the martial arts don't clothe you in armor, put an equalizer in your hands and equip you for every emergency, would you be just as well off signing up for ballroom-dancing lessons?

Since all the arts are not only competitive but intensely nationalistic, and since most knowledgeable witnesses are commercially involved, getting answers to such questions is like trying to get the whole story about Watergate. But there are a few Deep Throats in the field, and one of them is a burly, 215-pound Honolulu real-estate broker named Mike McAndrews, a student of Oriental systems for a dozen years and a first-Dan black belt in karate, a degree achieved after 26 grueling months in an authentic dojo.

Recently McAndrews was shown several martial arts magazine ads during a general discussion of the full-contact catastrophes. "This is the kind of stuff that makes you want to take up ballet," he said in disgust. Asked what he thought a correspondence course pupil could do with his mail-order black belt, McAndrews replied, "Well, he probably could strangle a little old lady who happened to fall asleep in her rocking chair. Or maybe beat somebody to death with his certificate of rank," which is available at no extra cost and is suitable for framing.

The discussion with McAndrews had taken place in a Honolulu restaurant (even dedicated black belts take time out to eat), and an acquaintance posed a hypothetical question. "Since you're a *real* black belt, tell me this: What would you do if we suddenly found some guy with a knife slipping up behind us? Would you hit him with a karate chop?"

"If I could, I'd run like hell," McAndrews said. "If there was no place to run, I'd hit him with a chair."

Appropriately, a woman asked the next question: "If a would-be rapist came up behind me and pinned my arms, could I defend myself with karate?" McAndrews nodded. "Maybe," he said, "if you really knew it, were really good at it, and he wasn't very big. You might be able to snap a damaging kick into his shin. But if you were wearing those needle-pointed spike heels you wouldn't even need to know karate."

"Nobody wears those anymore," the woman said.

"Too bad," McAndrews said. "All you'd have to do is lift one knee and jam the heel down into his instep. It's simple physics—if you concentrate all your weight and power into that tiny area, it's going to go through his shoe and right through his instep. No woman ever got raped by a man with a spike in his foot—you can't even stand up with a crushed instep. On the other hand, if you are wearing Earth Shoes—forget it."

"O.K.," said the original interrogator. "If you really mean all these things, let me ask you a general question: What do you need to defend yourself in all street situations?"

"A 12-gauge shotgun with No. 4 buckshot," McAndrews said bleakly.

McAndrews isn't the only debunker of the martial-arts claims that have been asserted—and assiduously promoted—in the U.S. Tony Reyes, a San Francisco karate instructor, said in an article in *Karate Illustrated*, "Too many people think they're bad news after studying karate for a while. . . . If they ever get into some real [street] action, chances are they'll end up with a one-way ticket to the coroner's office." Kwang Hyun, a Korean who specializes in a self-defense system he calls hapkido, tells his Chicago students to pick up a rock, a brick or a two-by-four—anything handy—if they are attacked in the streets. He adds, "Run away. That's the first rule, of course." Masatoshi Nakayama, chief instructor of the Japan Karate Association, says the secrets of self-defense can be summed up in these proverbs: "A wise man avoids danger," and "To run away is the best way to win."

Such cautious experts are put off even more by the variations in their disciplines that are being taught today. Charles Nelson, an ex-Marine who runs the Charles Nelson School of Self Defense in New York, is one innovator. "We don't give belts," Nelson once told a Japanese karate expert, who mistakenly interpreted the statement as evidence of Oriental-style modesty. Nelson asserts, "We're off belts and onto the real spirit of martial arts." He has a plaque on his school wall that identifies him as a seventh-degree black belt in jujitsu, but says it was given to him by his students. "We don't waste time with situps and pushups, like some schools," he says. "My course is different from anything else in the city. I don't need guarantees—I let my students tell me."

Indeed, Nelson has drawers full of testimonials to the usefulness of his 15-lesson, 7½-week course ($150), but none seem to reflect experience in actual combat. Joel Ross, who teaches karate at the City University of New York, has written him, "I believe that your teachings, *coupled with traditional art forms*, have made me a much better teacher and person." [Italics added.] Chuck Weiss, who says he holds a brown belt and his wife a purple belt in moo doo kwan, a variation of Korean tae kwon do, wrote Nelson, "You were able to *build on our karate training* by confronting us with dozens of 'real life' situations and showing us what to do in each of them." [Italics added.]

Nelson makes a particular appeal to the aged and to women. His Manhattan Yellow Pages ad says, in part, "Protect yourself against muggers. Special anti-rape techniques for women." He is proud of an article that appeared in a 1975 issue of *Modern Maturity*, a magazine for senior citizens, in which he is quoted as saying, "It isn't physical strength that counts for very much. It's in knowing what to do and doing it fast." Of Nelson's course, the anonymous writer says, "It's a modified karate, to be sure—without those fancy high kicks and athletic twists of the body that the younger set can handle. But a little karate is better than none."

Nelson's course may well improve a student's physical condition as well as his understanding of defense techniques. The question is whether 7½ weeks of training for anyone, even a natural athlete, would equip him or her to handle muggers or rapists. And it remains arguable whether it is preferable to attempt to "handle" any such assaults rather than to try to run. Many authorities insist it is hardly possible to learn to defend oneself in six months—let alone two—unless one has had previous karate training.

McAndrews believes that people who are only interested in self-defense rarely stick with karate long enough. He says, "It's just too difficult to make your body perform the contortions that are necessary and too boring to perfect and pattern them. A lot of people drop out. One thing most of these promoters don't tell you: you've got to be willing to be hurt in order to hurt somebody else.

"I once heard a Japanese karate master, who had learned

continued

from the founder, Gichin Funakoshi, say that you usually have to take one to give one, and why not risk a cut on the arm to deliver a *decisive* technique? In his case, the technique would *kill*. The martial arts aren't that different from sword fighting. There's a finality. On the other hand, Chuzo Kotaka [McAndrews' teacher and an eighth-Dan black belt who operates the International Karate Federation dojos in Honolulu] is so clever he might be able to disable the attacker with a flanking move and avoid the knife entirely. The point is, though, he wouldn't care if he was cut. Most people don't want to get hurt at all."

Moreover, karate's reputation is such that whenever a student of the art is killed there is a media implication that he (or she) should have done better. When Sandra SerVaas, a former managing editor of *Holiday* magazine, was beaten to death in the California apartment of a relative, wire-service stories described her as a karate black belt and quoted a friend as saying, "She would have defended herself if she had had a chance." Very likely—but most of the high-pressure promoters of self-defense systems suggest their graduates *always* have a chance. Tell that to Major General Harry Brooks, the Koreaphile admirer of combat football (SI, July 21, 1975). Brooks last year brought Kyo Woon Lee to Hawaii from Seoul to instruct the 25th Army Division in tae kwon do. Shortly after his arrival, Specialist Fifth Class Kyo was shot to death after an evening in a Honolulu nightclub of dubious reputation.

As practiced in the Orient, the martial arts are neither sports nor mindless exercises in destruction, nor do they exclude the stoic endurance of pain, either in training or in actual practice. To indulge in a gross simplification, their objectives can be described as spiritual awareness of inner self coupled with serene confidence in one's ability to defend his outer self—a serenity devoid of the machismo that disfigures the "sweet science" of the West. All of the martial arts are branches of the same tree, a tree some scholars believe was planted in China 15 centuries before Christ but did not reach fruition until the Sixth Century A.D. when the Buddhist monk Daruma Taishi modified them with the introduction of Zen techniques of deep breathing and physical exercise.



Although Daruma's goal supposedly was to toughen the monks for the rigors of spiritual training, his system also served a temporal purpose: it enabled peaceful people to protect themselves from bandits, swordsmen, freebooters and other ruffians. Despite all changes in nomenclature and modifications in technique, the true martial arts never lost the original spiritual restraints that kept devotees from becoming "karate or kung-fu killers" and laying waste to neighborhoods. Until they reached the West, that is. An advanced (say, sixth-Dan up) karate black belt probably can defend himself against almost anyone but press agents and fast-buck promoters.

The first of the Asian martial arts to make the trans-Pacific crossing was judo, based on a principle described as "the willow and the cherry tree." Judo never caught on much in the U.S., probably because of the persistent frontier notion that it is better to attack than defend. But karate! Now there is a real all-American "go-get-'em" system and so are tae kwon do and kung-fu, which came on a little later. Hard stuff, all three. And best of all, you supposedly couldn't get hurt doing them.

This illusion of invincibility often was fostered by the greed of some early dojo proprietors—many of them ex-GIs who knew little more about the techniques than their students—by the emphasis on karate as a "killer" defense; by the vivid, if fictional, exploits of James Bond; by the sexy gymnastics of Diana Rigg as Mrs. Peel in the TV series *The Avengers*; and, in the case of kung-fu, by the cinematic derring-do of the late Bruce Lee.

Whenever public interest in one of the martial arts showed signs of waning, dojo operators took advantage of American confusion with Oriental names, and as many "systems" of karate were advertised as there are sexual positions in the *Kama Sutra*. Anybody could call his version of the art anything—after a year (or less) of training he could open his own dojo, coining a name or simply naming it after himself: "Karate! Introducing the deadly Caspar Milquetoast-do!" (In Japanese *do* is one of several words that simply mean "the way.") When kung-fu entered the scene, many karate studios became kung-fu dojos. All the owner had to do was repaint the sign.

Distressed by these corruptions, the Japanese sent a number of instructors to the U.S., and several legitimate schools were established. But some of the masters innocently contributed to the vulgarization of karate by TV demonstrations of board and brick breaking. These spectacular stunts, all quite authentic, inflamed Western minds. (It was such a display, seen when he was only seven years old, that first engaged Mike McAndrews' interest. Actually, they are not difficult for a serious student.) The board breaker, delivered with the side of the hand, was promptly named "karate chop" by media commentators. It was an easy phrase to remember, particularly if you pronounced it wrong, as most

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Westerners did and do—"*kuh-rótty*" instead of "*kah-rah-tay*," with equal emphasis on all syllables. The phrase rolls off the tongue in a way the move's real name—shuto, ridge or knife hand—never would.

The language barrier has caused other misconceptions. Wouldn't any thug quail if his intended victim suddenly crouched, raised his hands in knife-edge positions, and screamed, "Hai karate!"? If he were an amateur mugger who believed in the movies, he might—but not if he knew anything about karate. In Mike McAndrews' phrase, the victim probably would "wind up in a field of flowers." Yell "high-kuh-rótty!" in Tokyo and no one will think you are dangerous—just crazy and possibly talking Swahili. "Hai" means "yes" in Japanese, while "kuh-rótty" means nothing (the Japanese aren't very good at interpreting broken versions of their very precise language).

The loud cries heard in karate, which some tone-deaf translator rendered as "hai karate" but which to an attuned ear sound like "toe-ay!" are not intended to frighten an opponent but to provide the ultimate focus for the fusion of inner energy—the *ki*—with exterior force, whether it is to be delivered by foot or fist. All the Asian martial arts insist that the vital center of that internal energy—heart, spirit, call it what you will—is located about two inches below the navel, and can be directed outward only from there. Sound silly? Well, we often say a brave man has endured "by guts alone," don't we? And how about that prim old euphemism, "intestinal fortitude"? The twain may be closer than we think.

The martial artists believe that *ki* not only unites all one's forces, but actually can be projected, both offensively and defensively. The most effective blows in karate—and in kung-fu and tae kwon do as well—are piston-like punches (or kicks) delivered from a flat-footed stance and retracted a split second after impact—no follow-through, as some critics of karate have said in disparagement. There are attested instances of men struck in the abdomen, by blows that barely marked the skin, who died later of ruptured spleens or kidneys, destroyed by the shock wave of energy dispatched by fist or foot.

Do not, however, assume that learning the physical side of karate, kung-fu or tae kwon do is any easier than the men-

tal struggle required. The body must be forced into unnatural positions (in one karate kick the foot is twisted at a right angle to present its outer "knife edge" to the opponent). Even the basic stances are hip-wrenchers for Westerners.

A book could be written about the wonders of the martial arts (many have been), but the principal point to be made here is that thousands of hours of agonizing effort are necessary to create a "peaceful warrior," and even then situations will arise in the streets or in bars that cannot be solved by "empty hands." A favorite aphorism of the arts is that a black belt should have "a mind like water," calm and unruffled in meeting unavoidable attack but quite satisfied to flow downhill—or across the street—if that will avert violence.

"When I first started learning karate in my senior year in high school, I used to get into fights all the time," Mike McAndrews says. "I thought I had to prove myself. The better I got, the fewer fights I had—and not because I was getting a reputation as a martial artist; most people didn't even know that. I just learned I didn't have to."

The grandson of a former territorial governor of Hawaii, Samuel Wilder King, and the nephew of a federal judge, McAndrews attended Punahou, a private college preparatory school. The "Puns" were natural targets for less privileged youngsters, and the fact that McAndrews has a trace of Hawaiian blood did not exempt him from challenges.

In 1964 he enrolled in Carlton Shimomi's dojo and for two years spent four hours a week in classes and another hour every day in practice, punching the straw-covered *makiwara* (fencepost) or the heavy bag to strengthen his hands. "When I had a rating exam coming up," he recalls, "I'd practice three or four hours every day, in addition to the dojo classes." He moved up through the ranks—white belt to green to purple, through four brown-belt stages and finally first-Dan black, which is the lowest rung on a 10-step ladder. Although he was interested in the self-defense aspects of karate, McAndrews had an almost religious feeling about the art.

"I think I began to get a little disillusioned when my first sensei [teacher, mentor, maestro—the word cannot be translated literally] phased out his dojo to go into another business," he recalls.

continued



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"I hadn't realized then that even a karate sensei had to make a living. To me it was simply high art . . . an art that enabled one to transcend mediocrity." At Shimomi's, McAndrews had polished both his kata, the formalized routines that correspond roughly to a boxer's training in blocking, punching, feinting and footwork (about as roughly as long division corresponds to calculus), and his kumite, the free sparring that puts the kata to work. At his new dojo, Chuzo Kotaka's, the kumite became considerably more violent. "Kotaka was one rough character when he came here from Japan," McAndrews says. "He didn't believe in sparring in which the punches and kicks stopped short of actually striking an opponent—he thought contact was necessary to sharpen the focus you would need in actual self-defense."

Like Shimomi's, some very reputable dojos train their students to stop all blows an inch from the opponent's body—an esthetic practice that has led critics to claim karatekas can't fight because they're conditioned to pull their punches. McAndrews did not experience this problem during either of the two street situations that followed his training. In one he was attacked by a hulking drunk while attempting to play good Samaritan to victims of an automobile accident. McAndrews used a straight shot to the throat, a karate maneuver called "tiger's mouth" in which the hand is not retracted but grips the Adam's apple (and could extract it). In the other, he was cornered by five young thugs at Makapuu beach. A front kick to the groin and a knuckle punch to the face had enough focus to disable one of them and put three to flight, but the fifth pulled a gun. "I was 10 feet away," McAndrews recalls, "and a small, short pistol isn't very accurate at that distance. So I followed another sound principle—I ran, and his pistol misfired three times."

McAndrews came to Kotaka at about the time legitimate instructors, alarmed by karate's continuing popular image as a killer system with no redeeming social value, began sponsoring inter-dojo and open tournaments. Their purpose was to establish that karate was at least as much of a sport as boxing, and in many ways superior to it as a conditioner and, yes, for self-defense. "When we started in sports tournaments," McAndrews says, "we competed with people we could respect—for their technique, for their spirit, for their high standard of excellence. But then sponsors began inviting less proficient schools and we got terrible mismatches. In Japan, tournaments are all right, because the general level of instruction is high, but not in Hawaii or on the Mainland. One contestant may not make contact at all, and another may half kill you because he hasn't learned to focus his blows." (In sport karate, blows are supposed to hit but not wound).

McAndrews kept up his interest, nonetheless, through graduation from the University of Hawaii (in political science) and his entry into business, but the "full-contact to knockout" exhibitions he has seen have transformed what had once been mere disillusionment into disgust.

Sport karate contests are still held, but McAndrews sees the sensationalized full-contact to kayo bouts as a regression to "the gladiator syndrome." He says, "The promoters are promising circuses, not sport or art."

The man who claimed to have devised the full-contact format, the late John Keehan, who called himself "Count Dante," sneered at the concept of "ki." He was one of several latecomers who proclaimed the "Americanization" of the martial arts. "I'd say Count Dante did for karate about what the Boston Strangler did for door-to-door salesmanship," McAndrews says. "This 'Americanization' of karate is wrecking it. Learning the katas bores people, so they're skipping it. But you need some *ki* and you need the ability to focus, and without either, it not only isn't karate, it's as much of a danger to you as to others."

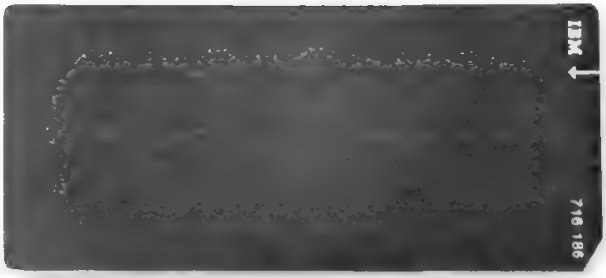
Whether the combination of full-contact exhibitions and fly-by-night martial-arts schools will drive legitimate teachers out of business remains to be seen, but they are making the distinction of the real from the counterfeit all the more difficult. While a random sampling of about 100 dojos in 14 major American cities by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED correspondents produced only one that actually would guarantee a "black belt," some 25 promised self-defense capability in four to six months. (McAndrews says, "After one year of instruction in karate, you might be *less* able to defend yourself than before. At that point, because of the tournament orientation, many students haven't even learned to guard the face.") The prices for the courses ranged from $20 to a shocking $100 a month (Kotaka, McAndrews' sensei, charges $15), and a majority implied that a woman who attained first-Dan black belt would be the equal of a man of the same rank.

"Maybe I'm a chauvinist," McAndrews says, "but there's no way a 110-pound woman can disable a strong, 200-pound man, with karate or anything else, except by total surprise—or years and years of training." He recalls working out with a 95-pound woman who was an instructor for the Japan Karate Association and was "double tough," but McAndrews rates her as exceptional. "For a while there was another woman karateka from Japan at Chuzo's," he recalls, "and I could have kicked her into the 21st Century if I'd gone all out." He feels that senior citizens, the handicapped and that durable advertising cliché, the 97-pound weakling, suffer the same limitations.

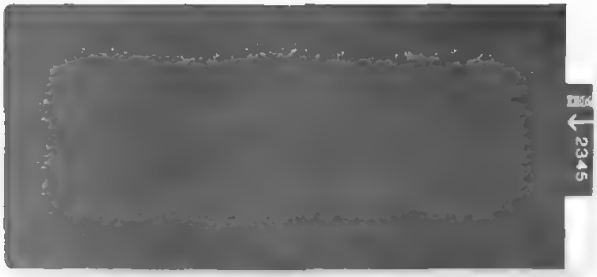
A New York writer, Carola Dibbell, who investigated karate after she was mugged, shares some, but not all, of McAndrews' misgivings. Writing in *The Village Voice*, she cited the added confidence martial skills may give a woman, but noted "the fear of hurting someone else may be more inhibiting than the fear of getting hurt." McAndrews believes that many male karate students share the same fear. He says, "Most of us aren't conditioned to kill, and several karate tactics—unless controlled by focus—will accomplish just that." Of course, some people *are* conditioned to kill, or want to be, and may turn to the "hand arts" to further that purpose.

A particularly distasteful ad in a magazine called *Oriental Combat and Self Defense* offers "the deadly art of kung-fu" and says these "secrets" have been hidden for centuries "lest they fall into the wrong hands, such as revolutionaries, oppressed people, criminals and unsavory types." While the Oriental Devil Fighting Society's mail-order course is no threat to any other society, the Americanization talk suggests that some ghetto residents may be interested in something beyond *Moving Zen . . . A Way to Gentleness*, to cite the title of C. W. Nicol's book (Dell, $1.50) on his two-year progress to black-belt status. "To quote an old Oriental maxim, 'The *ki* may follow an evil path,' " McAndrews says, "and even in the most respectable dojos a committed student who hopes to

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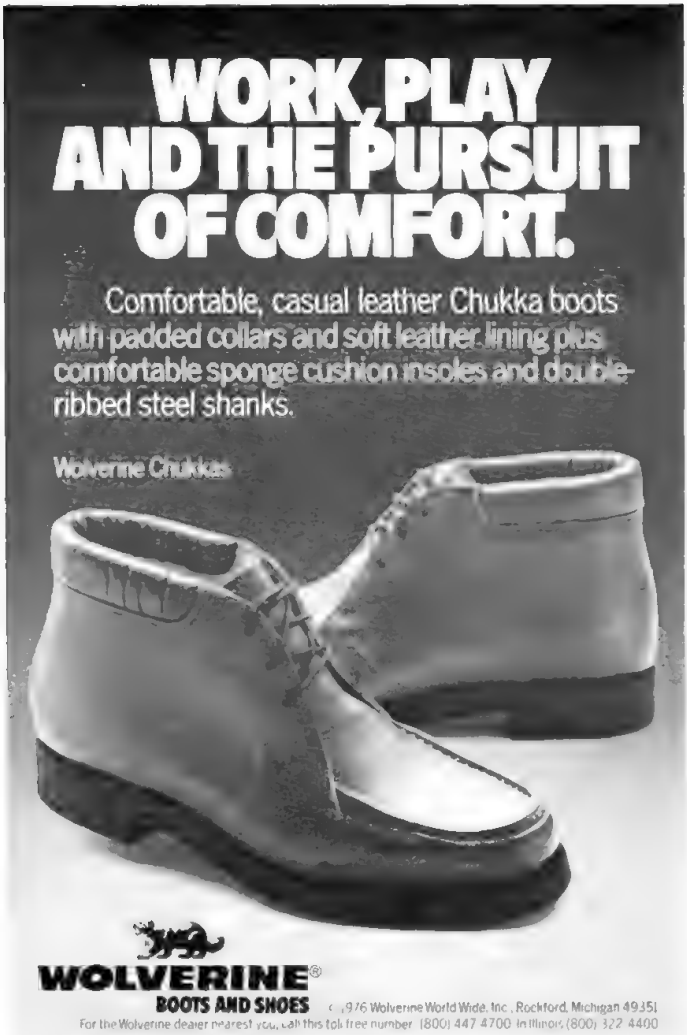


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emerge as a man of peace goes through a precarious transition—usually at the brown-belt stage—when he wants to test his *ki* and his focus in a real-life situation." That is when the Oriental spiritual restraints demonstrate their full value.

Is there any point, then, in a person's taking up one of the "hand arts" solely for purposes of self-defense? No, says McAndrews, unless he or she is prepared to give it at least two years of heavy effort under expert supervision and at the same time recognize its physical boundaries as well as its psychic rewards. "After all my years in karate," McAndrews says, "I find myself thinking more and more about weapons.

"Some of my friends in the art will say I'm selling out when I suggest weapons may be needed for self-defense, but I know the limitations . . . I've been there. Karate won't stop a bullet or deflect a knife unless you get better at it than I am, and that puts you in the dojo forever. Unless, of course, you're a real *budo*, a warrior prepared to put your life on the line at any time—to hell with the job, the wife, the kids, let's go for broke."

What if McAndrews' pretty wife Linda proposed a pub-crawl through Honolulu's shadier saloons? Could he defend her and himself if any trouble developed?

"Sure," said Mike McAndrews. "At least karate has given me confidence enough to handle that kind of proposition. We wouldn't go."

So, in the short run, at least, "avoidism"—a philosophy proposed in a Manhattan saloon a score of years ago by comedian Roger Price—may be the best defense. But in the meantime hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Americans will walk into dangerous situations, certain they have been prepared to cope with their assailants through the aid of the U.S. Postal Service and a bargain-price booklet. In the words of Ray Sons, the sports editor of the *Chicago Daily News*: "I get the impression this [martial-arts boom] is the modern-day equivalent of the old Fred Astaire and Arthur Murray dance studios, where they'd hook you into a year or two of lessons under contract. In a happier day, the lure was popularity with the opposite sex. Here, the lure is a yearning for safety in a perilous society. You can make a buck off it, either way."

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As I Did It

by SAM TOPEROFF

A DREAM DAY ON THE COURTS WHEN THE HIGH SCHOOLERS BEAT THE PROS

The surrounding neighborhood was nothing like the schoolyard: it was characterized by small, well-tended houses, tree-lined streets and an aura of modest success. The schoolyard of Public School 32 in Flushing, N.Y., on the other hand, was a moiling world unto itself, not particularly influenced by the neighborhood or its values. Some days three games of chance ran concurrently, and a boy with a small bankroll could choose from among blackjack, poker and craps. There were kids who sold and traded dirty books and playing cards, and a few girls, generally on the fat side, who used makeup unwisely and flaunted themselves nightly before the beer-drinking contingent that occupied the area behind the handball court. Little kids, who flipped baseball cards and played interminable stickball and softball games, seemed always to be in everyone's way. In other words, a typical New York schoolyard.

The kind of three-man basketball I played there in the early '50s couldn't be characterized by an easy ethnic or sociological label. It was like the soup my best friend's mother made on rainy days. Whenever I asked her what kind of soup it was, she always said, "*Good* soup."

There was only one basketball court, barely sufficient for the two half-court games that went on continuously, kids down at one end and older guys at the basket known as "the-good-shooting-basket" (probably because the older guys had better shots than the kids). On days when there was no school, three-man games ran from morning until dark.

We were blessed with players as interesting as they were talented. An older guy we called Vic the Vet could hit a 25-foot set shot off the dribble in a windstorm, but no one knew his last name, how old he was or what he was a veteran of. Harry the Horse was 6′ 4″, 230 pounds and an absolute pussycat unless aroused, in which event he owned the backboards. He could, however, be put off his game by a steady stream of compliments. Driving Stevie Duca operated on the logical premise that a 15-foot shot was better than a 20-footer, but he pushed this premise to its limit and tried to turn everything into a layup.

Among the more famous participants were Dick Bunt and Ralph Tustin, both of whom played for NYU (Bunt was later to see some action with the New York Knicks and Baltimore Bullets), and Big John Leede, who was the 6′ 5″ backup center at Columbia. At the P.S. 32 celebrity pinnacle was Big John's older brother Ed, who had captained the Dartmouth team, then briefly played for the Boston Celtics.

Most of the players, myself included, were high school kids who had won varsity letters and entertained dreams of fame and glory, of scholarships to college where we would win games with last-second, half-court desperation shots. Well, an awful lot of us did go on to play college ball, and we tended to discover that the best basketball we were ever to play had been back in the schoolyard. I played in college for two coaches who were to move on to the NBA—Ed Jucker and Butch van Breda Kolff—and came to see my career as a steady decline from P.S. 32. So this fond memoir is devoted generally to that bountiful time and specifically to a single day, a Saturday in 1951, that stands out in my memory as the "egg cream de la crème" of my life.



My pattern on that Saturday was unchanged from the norm: leave the house around 9 a.m., dribble six blocks to the schoolyard (trying hard not to look at the ball as I go), shoot a few sets and layups (there were no jump shooters in Flushing at that time) as the regulars arrive. The senior man would announce, "Let's shoot for sides," and the first three to make foul shots played the next three while the guys who missed waited for winners. I remember distinctly that on this particular Saturday it was I who prompted the action, and I stepped to the line and made my free throw without even touching the rim.

My teammates turned out to be Jimmy Nidds and Nick Petrides. Jimmy went on to become an excellent defensive player at NYU, but in the schoolyard he had a very good set shot and a sneaky drive. Since he was then only a sophomore in high school and stood 5′ 8″, he had the advantage of being woefully underestimated. Nick was the consummate schoolyard player—unorthodox to the point of breaking an opponent's will. He had very quick hands and the knack of "coming around behind" and deflecting the ball away from a dribbler without fouling, and he was the proprietor of a small, mysterious dead spot on the metal backboard that he could hit from almost anywhere. Yours truly, I humbly admit, was a good driver with an excellent left hook shot. At 6′ 1″, I was our big man.

There was nothing very unusual in the fact that we won our first three or four games that day, because we had played together before with similar success. None of the early games was ever particularly close; in each one we ran strings of baskets together that gave us big leads on the way to the 10 baskets that determined the winner. After a succession of such comfortable victories, some of the college players started coming down, and the games got tougher. But Jimmy, Nick and me (to use the schoolyard grammar) were invincible.

When we had won about a dozen games, almost half the day was gone, and I began to think the impossible thought. What if we kept winning? It was Nick who almost jinxed us when he said, "Hey, we got a shot at staying on all day."

The games after lunch were closer, with many of them going into "win by

continued



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two"; this was our overtime and simply meant that the first team to go ahead by two baskets was the winner. The most memorable game went to 23–22, our favor, before Nick threw one off his ear toward his spot on the backboard. That spot (it couldn't have been larger than Dolph Schayes' pinky) was Nick's philosopher's stone: it transformed the basest shot into pure gold. There was a palpable sigh when the ball fell through the basket.

And so it went until late afternoon. It was glorious. Then the big guns, Ralph Tustin, Dick Bunt, Big John Leede, arrived, but we had become transcendent—Mosconi clearing a table, Maglie working on a hitter. Whatever the opposition's strong point, we found a way to beat it, much to the anger of our opponents and the glee of the kids rooting for us.

The biggest threat, Ed Leede, arrived around twilight looking like a successful gunfighter, and he brought his Celtic teammate Joe Mullaney with him. The yard was buzzing with the recognition of celebrity. Showing the very best schoolyard manners, the pros waited two games for their turn and picked Big John as a third when they came on the court. They warmed up casually, confidently, while Jimmy and Nick and me sat at half court, watched and made plans. When the game started, it turned out that no one could play Nick, and Jimmy almost shut out Ed Leede. Both Celtics were off in their shooting. We won easily.

At the rate of four victories an hour—a conservative estimate—we had won between 45 and 50 consecutive games. Then when darkness threatened to put an end to our skein, a plan was devised to put our success to the supreme test. Some of the older guys drove their cars into the schoolyard and lit up the court with their headlights. (The craps shooters thought it was a raid and scattered while their dice were still tumbling.)

The championship game pitted us in a rematch with the two Celtics and Big John. Although it might be more dramatic to recount a titanic battle that lasted until midnight, the truth is that we beat them as easily as the first time, and there were handshakes and congratulations all around. Then one by one the cars slipped away, and most of the spectators disappeared. I remember a kid offered to carry my ball home. Jimmy was late for supper and ran off saying "See you guys tomorrow." Nick invited me to his father's restaurant for a hero sandwich, but I wanted to be alone. I think I knew even then this was my greatest day in the schoolyard and, in some way, the highlight of my life.

In the darkened corners of the yard the gamblers were operating around small candles and the naughty girls were being whisked off to the school's vestigial Victory Garden as I started to dribble home. I dribbled all the way without looking at the ball once, or bothering to touch the ground as mortals do. END



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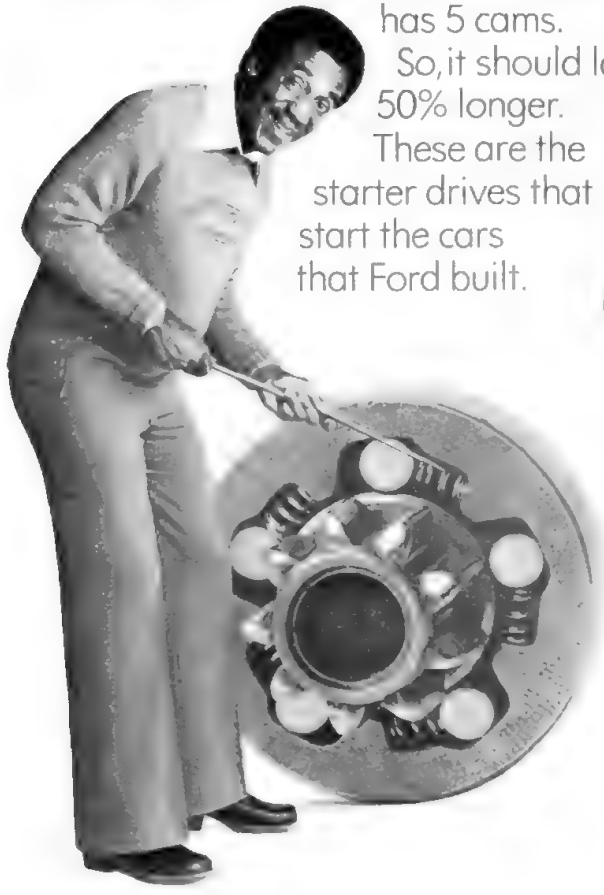
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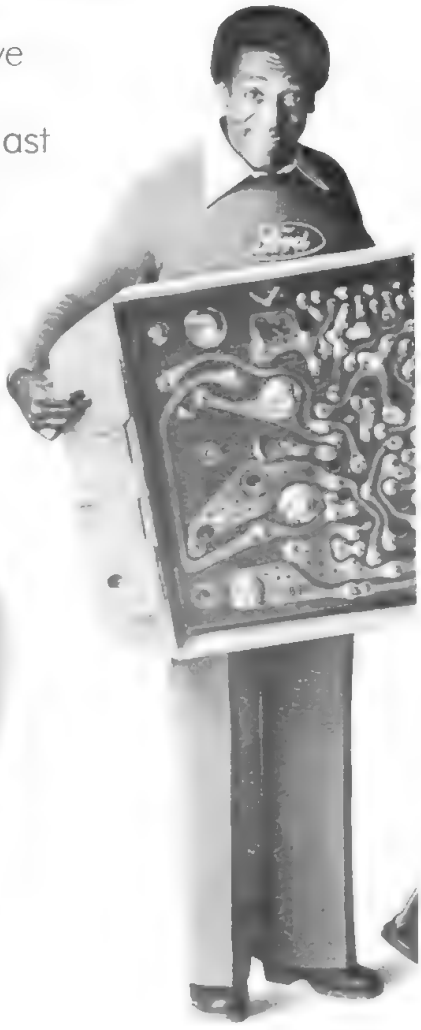
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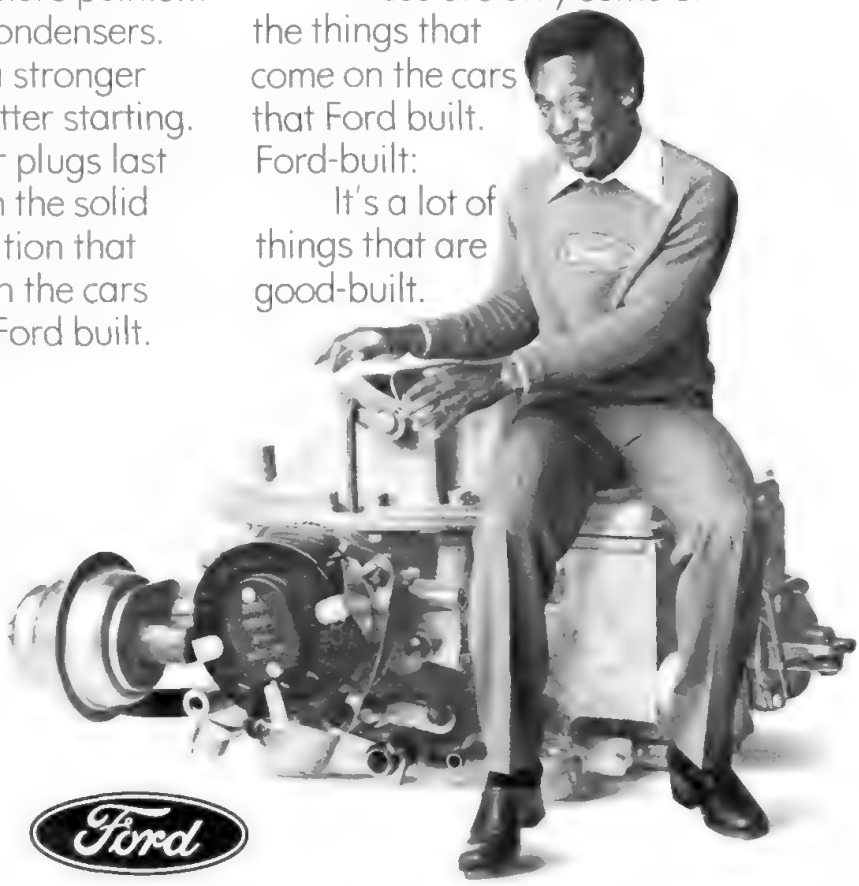
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CBS RADIO NETWORK

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 4-10

BASEBALL—Cincinnati opened its National League best-of-five playoff series with the Phillies by winning 6–3 and 6–2 in Philadelphia. In the American League, New York split with Kansas City, winning the first game 4–1 and losing the second 7–3 in Kansas City.

BOXING—VICTOR GALINDEZ of Argentina won a unanimous 15-round decision over South African Kosie Smith, in Johannesburg, to retain his World Boxing Association light-heavyweight title.

Light-heavyweight champion JOHN CONTEH of England defended his World Boxing Council title against Alvaro Lopez of Stockton, Calif., winning a unanimous decision in a 15-round bout in Copenhagen.

PRO FOOTBALL—*World champion Pittsburgh continued to founder, dipping to a 1–4 record with an 18–16 loss to Cleveland. The Browns got four field goals from Don Cockroft—the deciding one coming with 1:55 remaining—and some nifty quarterbacking from David Mays, who was filling in for the injured Brian Sipe. Sipe was sidelined in the first half with a mild concussion, and Pittsburgh Quarterback Terry Bradshaw suffered a neck injury in the fourth period. Kansas City won its first game of the season, 33–30 over aging Washington. Green Bay won its second straight, defeating winless Seattle 27–20. Lynn Dickey passed for 215 yards and a touchdown to lead the Pack. The St. Louis defense held Philadelphia to 58 yards rushing in a 33–14 win. Chicago and New England both suffered losses, the Bears had an extra-point attempt blocked in the fourth quarter and lost to undefeated Minnesota 20–19 (page 26). And the Patriots, facing Detroit, were humbled 30–10. Greg Landry threw three scoring passes as Tommy Hudspeth made his coaching debut. Houston missed several scoring opportunities down close to Denver's goal line but won anyway, 17–3. New Orleans linebacker Jim Merlo returned an intercepted pass 83 yards for a touchdown, sparking a 30–0 rout of Atlanta. The New York Jets won their first of the season, 17–14, when Pat Leahy kicked a 38-yard field goal with 48 seconds remaining. The New York Giants, playing for the first time in their new New Jersey digs, did not fare so well against Dallas, losing 24–14 (page 68). Cincinnati Defensive Back Louis Casanova intercepted a pass to set up one touchdown and recovered a fumble and ran it back for another as the Bengals defeated Tampa Bay 21–0. Ken Stabler threw three touchdown passes in Oakland's 27–17 defeat of San Diego, and Baltimore's Bert Jones picked on Miami's injury-riddled secondary with 10 straight completions as the Colts beat the Dolphins [illegible]*

HARNESS RACING—JADE PRINCE ($8.40), a 2-year-old pacer driven by Jack Kopas, recorded the fastest mile raced in harness history—1:54⅘—on The Red Mile in Lexington, Ky. (page 64)

QUICK PAY ($3.20, $3), driven by Peter Haughton, won the $100,000 Kentucky Futurity for trotters by taking the second (1:59) and third (1:59⅘) heats of the classic contested in Lexington.

HOCKEY—NHL: Washington was the worst team in the league last season with an 11–59–10 record, but the Capitals were off to a flying start this season, topping Atlanta 6–5, then tying Detroit 3–3 before losing to Cleveland 6–3. Montreal was Montreal, the Stanley Cup champions routing Pittsburgh 10–1 and Vancouver 3–0. *Pittsburgh gave up 22 goals in its first three games, two* of them losses. Eddie Giacomin registered his 52nd shutout as Detroit took Buffalo 4–0. The New York Islanders handed Philadelphia its first home shutout in three seasons, 3–0, and then the Flyers lost 4–3 to Atlanta. Philadelphia finally won, against Los Angeles 3–0, but the Flyers looked shaky. The Islanders opened with a pair of victories, the other over Chicago 2–1. Chicago got three goals from Pat Martin, two in a 6–4 victory in St. Louis, where Emile Francis is the new coach. Derek Sanderson scored a goal and added an assist in the Blues' 2–1 win over his and Francis' old club, the New York Rangers. The Rangers came out on top in a free-wheeling 6–5 game with Minnesota, which lost two games before beating Colorado 4–1. Tim Young scoring his fourth goal of the young season. The Rockies had opened with a 4–2 win over Toronto. Boston's Rick Middleton scored three goals in his first game with the Bruins, and Johnny Bucyk added three assists in a 6–2 win over Minnesota. Buffalo split a pair of games, and the new Cleveland Barons got off to a 1–1–1 start.

WHA: Serge Bernier scored two goals and added an assist in Quebec's opening 5–2 victory over Calgary. The Cowboys also suffered a 4–1 loss to Winnipeg. Edmonton Goalie Dave Dryden shut out the New England Whalers 2–0. Indianapolis and Birmingham both began *well in the East Division, the Racers winning* 4–1 over Minnesota and the Bulls defeating Houston 4–2. Cincinnati defeated Minnesota 7–2, lost to Phoenix 8–6, then tied San Diego 7–7.

HORSE RACING—REVIDERE ($5.40), Jacinto Vasquez up, scored a convincing 14-length victory in the $132,175 Ruffian Stakes at Belmont Park. The 3-year-old filly avenged her only loss of the year—to Proud Delta in the Beldame Stakes—by running the mile and a quarter in 2:01 on a sloppy track. Proud Delta did not like the footing and finished last in a five-horse field.

SENSATIONAL ($22.80), ridden by Jorge Velasquez, won the $107,900, one-mile Frizette Stakes for 2-year-old fillies at Belmont, beating Northern Sea by 1½ lengths in 1:36⅘.

RUN DUSTY RUN ($4.40) came from off the pace to win the $134,800 Breeders' Futurity for 2-year-olds at Keeneland in Lexington, Ky. Under Jockey Darrel McHargue, Run Dusty Run finished the seven furlongs and 184 feet a nose ahead of Banquet Table in 1:23⅘.

MOTOR SPORTS—England's JAMES HUNT, driving a McLaren, finished 8.03 seconds ahead of Jody Scheckter of South Africa to win the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y. (page 28).

DONNIE ALLISON took the lead with 40 miles to go and easily won the National 500 at Charlotte, N.C. Driving a Chevrolet, Allison averaged 141.226 mph.

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT defeated Dianne Fromholtz 6–1, 7–5 to win the $75,000 Talley Tournament in Phoenix. Fromholtz had defeated Billie Jean King—playing her first tournament singles in 15 months—6–3, 6–2.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: By baseball's St. Louis Cardinals, RED SCHOENDIENST, after 12 years as manager. Schoendienst, 53, led the Cards to NL titles in 1967 and 1968, and to a World Series triumph in 1967. The Cardinals finished 72–90 this season. He was replaced by Vern Rapp, 48, a minor league manager for 15 years.

HIRED: To manage the San Francisco Giants, JOE ALTOBELLI, 44, who skippered Rochester of the International League for six years, winning three pennants.

HIRED: To manage the Montreal Expos, DICK WILLIAMS. Fired this year by the California Angels, Williams managed Boston to the American League pennant in 1967 and the Oakland A's to three division titles and two World Series championships.

RESIGNED: RICK FORZANO, in his third year as head coach of the Detroit Lions. Tommy Hudspeth, 45-year-old coordinator of personnel, was named interim [illegible].

CREDITS

6—Anthony Donna. 17—Drawing by Arnold Roth. 22, 23—James Drake (2). Walter Iooss Jr. 26,27—Henry Kaltmeyer. 30,31—Henry Kaltmeyer. 32—Dick Raphael. 42-53—Illustrations by Sandy Huffaker. 64,67—Manny Millan. 68—George Tiedemann. 73—Lane [illegible] 74 82

FACES IN THE CROWD



RHONDO ROBINSON
Dorchester, Mass.

A 5′ 5″, 138-pound halfback at Dorchester High, Robinson rushed for 401 yards on 24 carries and scored 26 points against East Boston High. His longest run was 76 yards. In three games he has scored 48 points and rushed for 711 yards.



LAURA HEIZMAN
[illegible]

A member of the Arrow Track Club, Laura, 12, is the national record holder for 10-and-11-year-old girls' 50-yard hurdles with a time of 7.2 seconds. A seventh-grader at Egan Junior High, she has long-jumped 16′ 1½″ and high-jumped 3′ 9.



JAY BELLISSIMO
[illegible]

A pitcher in Knothole baseball, Jay, 13, averaged more than 10 strikeouts a game and threw seven no-hitters, four of them consecutively. He struck out 246 batters in 151 innings en route to a 29–0 record, leading his team to a 37–0 season.



TOM KAFKA
Muncie, Ind.

Tom, 10, swam to a national age-group record in the 100-meter breaststroke (1:25.07) and a pending one in the 50-meter (38.37) at the Far Western Championships. He was second in the 100-meter freestyle and 200 IM.



MARTIN FLEISHER
Teaneck, N.J.

Fleisher, 18, was the youngest player ever to reach the finals of a North American Team Bridge Championship. His team beat Detroit and Miami, then lost to a Los Angeles squad that included two members of the world champion U.S. team.



MIKE INMAN
[illegible]

A sophomore at North High, Mike, 15, won all five matches he entered in the Sioux City Closed Tennis Tournament. He won the boys' 16-and-under and 18-and-under singles, men's singles, the boys' 16-and-under doubles and men's doubles.

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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

UNBEATEN TERRAPINS

Sir:

Your cover and story on the University of Maryland football program was fantastic (*Rising High on the Hit Parade*, Oct. 4). We finally made it! Write on.

PAUL (BEAR) LIVESAY
Chevy Chase, Md

Sir:

As a Missouri fan, I was hoping to see on your cover a terrific photo of Mizzou Quarterback Pete Woods scoring the deciding points as the Tigers beat Ohio State. It is hard to believe that you passed over this great individual effort and showed us instead the quarterback of a team whose "strength to a considerable degree lies in the weakness of its opponents."

DICK RODEWALD
Memphis

Sir:

Your emphasis on Maryland's weak schedule is disturbing. For years, powers like Ohio State and Alabama have fattened their national rankings on powder-puff schedules, only to lose bowl games to stronger opposition. Both have already lost this year. If you are going to criticize the schedule of Maryland, at least be fair about it in terms of the national scene.

JIM WEIGERT
New York City

ROOTING FOR THE REDS

Sir:

It looks as though the teams in this Bicentennial World Series might be the same as those that competed in the "series" of 1776—the Reds and the Yankees. Except that this time the Yanks don't need Paul Revere to tell them that the Big Red Machine is on its way. The only problem is that now the Reds wear sunglasses and Martin's Minutemen won't see the whites of their eyes until it is too late.

BOB SOUTHARD
JOSE SAGARDIA
Notre Dame, Ind

RIZING UP ALI

Sir:

Muhammad Ali's recent fights against Jimmy Young and Ken Norton should do much to answer the question of what is happening to the sport of boxing. Many fight fans hold to the belief that the only way a champion can lose his title is to be so soundly beaten in the ring that he must be carried out. If a person subscribes to such a theory, then he can hardly expect any other consequences than the farces Ali has perpetrated against Young and Norton.

If Ali knows that he must be knocked out, or at least knocked down several times, in order to lose a decision, then he can continue to do what he did against Young—merely go on the defensive for 15 rounds and not give the challenger an opportunity to hit him. Had Ali not been the champion when he fought Young, the judges would certainly have given the decision to Young. But, because he was the champion, Ali "won" the fight. That boils down to giving the Steelers a touchdown edge in the next Super Bowl, or giving the Reds a two-run lead in all the games of this year's World Series.

For a sport to flourish, the people who buy tickets to watch it should not be able to predict the outcome of a match so certainly. The present college football season is a good example. The outbreak of upsets has done much to increase interest in the sport.

RICK RIVERS
Houston

Sir:

Mark Kram was as far off in his prefight prediction (he picked Ali within seven rounds—*All Set to Slam in the Rubber Match*, Sept. 27) as were the judges who scored the fight an Ali victory. I do, however, give Kram credit for having the courage to come right out, not hedge, and make a bold prediction; and, rather than blast Kram, what I'm really out to blast is the decision. Norton won the fight. He knows it, Ali knows it, and even Ali's fans greeted the announcement of the final decision with surprise and less than wholehearted applause.

Obviously, the boxing Establishment felt there just had to be an Ali victory so Ali could fight George Foreman and ensure another multimillion-dollar gate for boxing. Never again will I pay to see an Ali fight on closed-circuit TV. As if the prices aren't bad enough (anywhere from $15 to $25), you run the risk, if the fight goes the distance, of a rip-off on the decision because of the economics and politics of the sport.

PAUL SALVONI
Burlingame, Calif

Sir:

I saw the fight and there's no doubt about it. Ken Norton was robbed!

JOHN FEENEY
Scottsdale, Ariz

Sir:

When Ali predicts that a fight will be over by the fifth round, and instead needs the 15th round to pull it out by a hair, his fighting days are numbered. My idea of a champ is one who can beat his opponent, and do it decisively. Ali has been anything but decisive.

in his last two title bouts. It's time he hung up his gloves and let some of the newer fighters strut their stuff

GUY MORLEY
Salem, Ore

THE DOCTOR'S BILLS

Sir:

I was thoroughly disgusted with your Oct. 4 SCORECARD item siding with the New York Nets' Julius Erving in his quest for renegotiation of his contract. The $400,000-a-year salary of Nate Archibald, the newest Net, is irrelevant, as is Erving's value to the rest of the NBA. The point is that Erving signed a seven-year, $1.9 million contract beginning with the 1973-74 season. He therefore has the legal obligation to fulfill this agreement, which guaranteed him financial security regardless of any fluctuation in pro basketball salaries.

Dr. J is without doubt the No. 1 gate attraction in the newly enlarged NBA. As you say, he is underpaid compared to other stars. He should have opted for one-year contracts so that he could command his worth each year. But he chose the seven-year arrangement, since one-year deals offer no long-term security in the event of injury or subpar performance. He wants the best of the two worlds, and for the sake of pro sports he shouldn't get it.

By the way, should Nets Owner Roy Boe be able to renegotiate Dr. J's and his other players' contracts downward if pro basketball salaries go down as a result of the NBA-ABA merger?

DAVID ROSS
Kettering, Ohio

Sir:

Julius Erving does not deserve a new contract. As for your suggestion that the "old 18" teams of the NBA underwrite the added costs of a higher contract for Erving, it is unreasonable. The ultimate result will be higher ticket prices in every city, and, as usual, the losers will be the fans.

WILLIAM M. KERR
Baltimore

Sir:

I totally agree with your item. If the owner of the Nets gets no gate receipts for away games and the owners of the old NBA teams won't kick in to raise Julius Erving's salary, the Nets should keep the Doctor at home. His current $300,000 salary will be plenty to cover his play in home games. Maybe then the other owners and fans around the league will wake up.

JOE BRANDT
Peru, Ill.

CANADA'S CUP

Sir:

If you are trying to sever relations with Canada, just keep writing articles like the one about the Canada Cup (*Canceling a Bunch of Good Czechs*, Sept. 27). I find it hard to believe someone would actually point out that Canada was the first host country of the Olympics not to win a gold medal. Is there a law that says one must? That statement had nothing to do with anything. It was a cheap shot, to say the least.

Another thing I'd like to know is who is Peter Gammons and from what planet does he come. He implies my country's morale is low. I feel great to be a Canadian. We won the Canada Cup tournament, we held a great Olympics and we are the North American Soccer League champions. I've rarely had more national pride

MARK WIHAD
Regina, Saskatchewan

Sir:

We Canadians take offense at such outlandish comments as Mike Milbury's ("I think we proved something to that bunch of egomaniacs") after Team USA, or Team Useless, lost to Canada 4–2. First of all, nothing was proved. The Americans had lost two previous exhibition games to Team Canada by huge margins. And it is a fact that heavily favored teams play just well enough to win against a weak opponent.

As far as "that bunch" being egomaniacs, when was the last time that an American athlete looked in the mirror?

JOE SIKORSKI
Toronto

Sir:

So Team Canada was extended to beat Team USA 4–2 after beating the same club 10–3 and 7–3 in exhibition games.

So Team Canada lost 1–0 to Czechoslovakia, the 1976 world amateur champions, in a classic hockey game between two superb teams.

So the Soviet Union sent a young team. Team Canada's average age was under 27, and only seven of the players were on Team Canada '72. Canada's old stars were left behind, and the "household names" of the Soviets suffered the same fate.

So Peter Gammons overlooked the series for what it really was, great hockey between teams made up of the top "pros" in the world.

DOUG GRAHAM
Kingston, Ontario

Sir:

I'd give you 10-to-1 odds that more than half the hockey fans would *not* select Vladislav Tretiak as the best goalie in the world. Bernie Parent in his prime was every bit as good, and Rogie Vachon isn't bad. Jiri Holecek of the Czechs was pretty impressive also. And the young Russians weren't that bad, either. They beat Team USA 5–0.

DOUG PORTER
London, Ontario

UNLIMITED TALES

Sir:

Congratulations to Coles Phinizy for an excellent article on unlimited hydroplane great Bill Muncey (*His Future Is Unlimiteds*, Sept. 27). Longtime observers of the sport who fig-

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ure that writers have told every tale there is to tell about Muncey can still chuckle over Phinizy's latest anecdotes.

GEORGE BYERS JR.
Chairman
Unlimited Racing Commission
American Power Boat Association
Columbus, Ohio

RITUALISTIC HUNT

Sir:

George Packard's *Ancient Extravaganza in the Black Forest* (Oct. 4) is one of the most human and encouraging of your hunting articles. It is in direct contrast with an article you had about 2½ years ago in which you depicted deer hunting via helicopter in New Zealand (*Slaughter on South Island*, March 18, 1974). That hunt had none of the fine rituals and brotherhood that the hunt in Germany has. Perhaps we should institute schools and exams for hunters in this country to weed out the nonsportsmen.

MARVIN SCHONBRUN
Toledo

Sir:

As a hunter, I was very much impressed by the article on the Black Forest hunt. George Packard emphasized the Germans' appreciation of nature, of what the forest can provide, and their efforts to conserve its elements. The traditions and customs of their hunt are quaint and appealing to any sportsman. One can imagine stalking through the soft browns and grays of the forest pierced by rapier-like beams of sunlight. However, there is one disturbing aspect of the German hunt and that is the rigidity with which men and dogs are chosen to become hunters.

As one who appreciates the esthetic value of the hunt as well as its practical side (food, conservation through herd thinning), I am unsettled by the seeming "Big Brother" attitude of German hunting officials. I can just feel the pressure of having to face six expressionless judges during the oral part of the hunting test. Surely anyone wishing to pass the test must dedicate enormous amounts of time, money and effort to that pursuit. This makes hunting a sport for the leisure class, especially when you compare the three-barreled monsters they equip themselves with to my one-shot 16-gauger with a paint-flecked stock ($15 secondhand!).

JAMES J. ARNEBERG
Chicago

WARM BREEZE

Sir:

In his coverage of the Little Brown Jug (*Enhancing Dancer's Image*, Oct. 4) Douglas Looney apparently was so impressed with the performance of Keystone Ore that he lost all objectivity. The third-place finisher in the race, Warm Breeze, was mentioned twice in the article, and each time Looney saw fit to refer to this fine 3-year-old as "a nobody."

This year's Jug attracted an outstanding field of pacers. None of these horses deserves the derisive term used by your writer, least of all a colt that is a world-record holder. Warm Breeze, a $72,000 yearling, was not raced as a 2-year-old because of vertebrae problems, but he is now beginning to live up to his royal breeding (Bret Hanover-Touch of Spring). On Aug. 19 in the Review Futurity at Springfield, Ill., he won in straight heats, and in the second heat his time of 1:54⅘ equaled the world record for 3-year-old pacers on a one-mile track. This mark was set by the horse considered by many experts to be the greatest pacer of all time, the immortal Albatross. Interestingly, Albatross' time was again equaled two days later at Syracuse by the one horse that Looney claims could compete with Keystone Ore for 3-year-old pacing honors, Oil Burner.

Warm Breeze won the Horseman Futurity at Indianapolis, with a winning heat of 1:58⅗, and followed that with a second-place summary finish in the Geers Stake at Du Quoin, winning the first heat in 1:58⅘. He finished a good fourth to Keystone Ore in the Brown Jug Trial at Hazel Park prior to his showing in the Jug itself.

WILLIAM J. STOLL
Granite City, Ill.

A CASE FOR AGE

Sir:

The magnificent racehorse Forego is now receiving some attention, but it certainly has been late in coming (*At Least He Leaves Losers Proud*, Sept. 27). This has been my impression, anyway, and a quick survey of my psychology students bears this out. During the week following Forego's victory in the Woodward Handicap, I asked 86 students if they had heard of Secretariat, Foolish Pleasure and Forego. The results were that 70% said they had heard of Secretariat, and almost as many (69%) had heard of Foolish Pleasure. But only 21% had heard of Forego.

I also asked the students which racehorse currently competing they thought was the greatest. Only 11 of the 86 students ventured an opinion, and nine of the 11 picked Foolish Pleasure. The other two selected Forego.

Although this survey is admittedly very limited, it does suggest that recognition goes mainly to the horses that make their mark in the glamorous 3-year-old races. I think this might have something to do with our culture's general romanticization of youth. We fail to appreciate the strengths and dignity of age—even when, particularly in the case of racehorses, the older ones are generally superior.

WILLIAM C. CRAIN
Assistant Professor of Psychology
City College of New York
New York City

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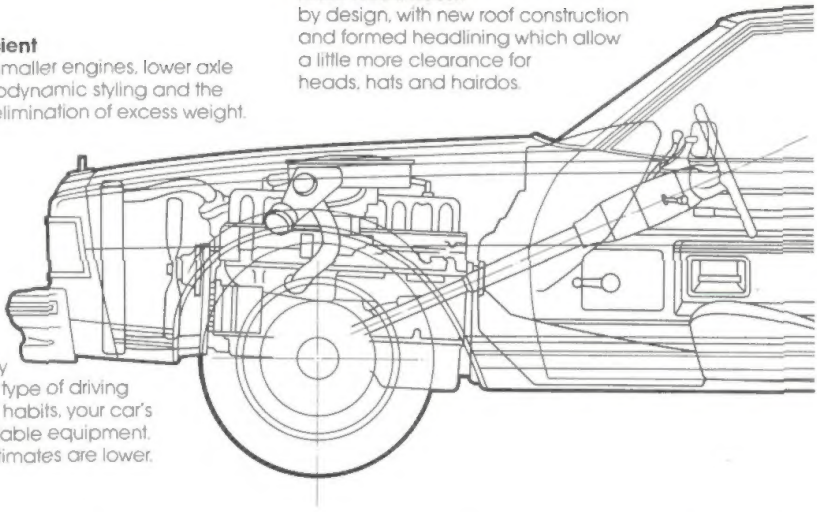


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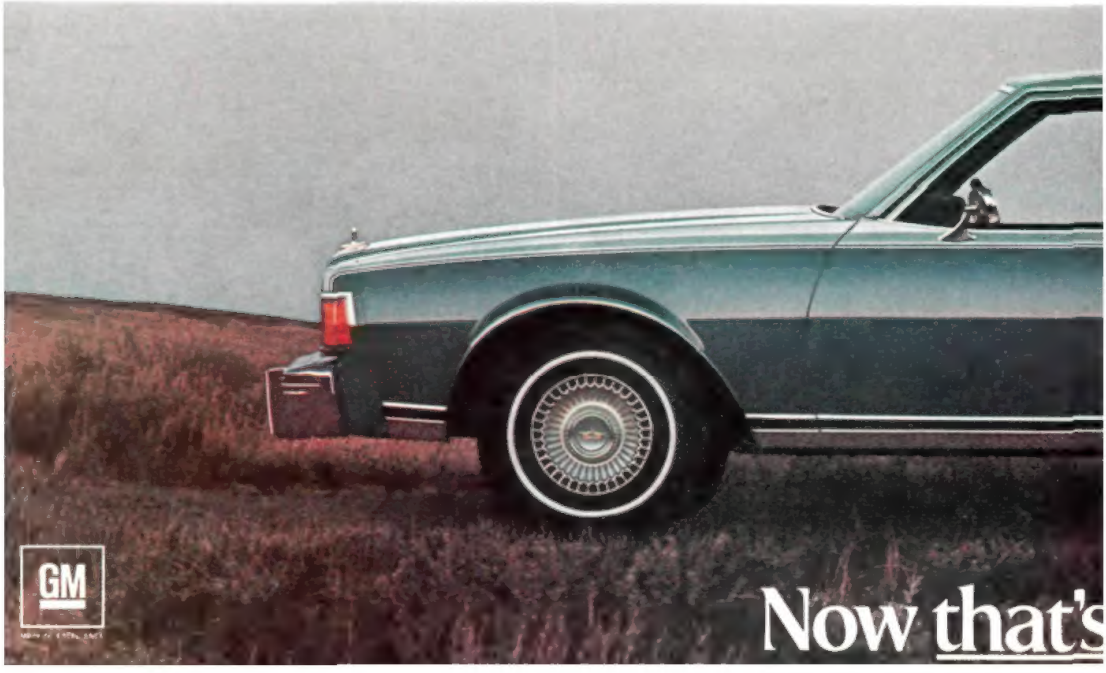
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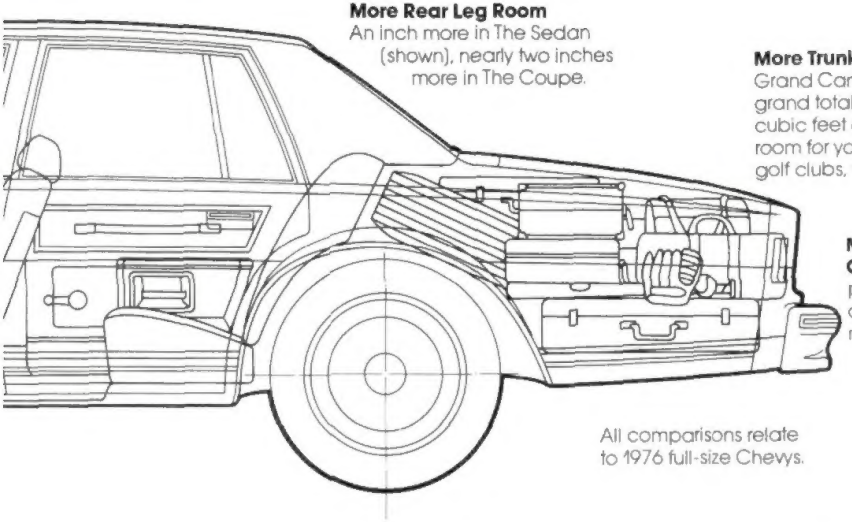
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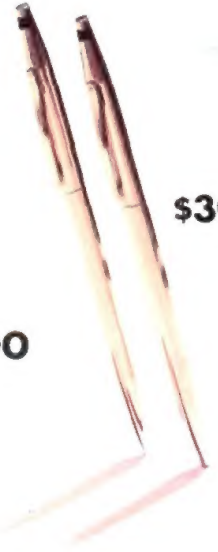
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